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The oars of the pursuers paused for a single instant, as that shrill, startling cry broke upon the unruffled silence of the night.

## The Boss Boy

OR,

### THE MYSTERY OF THE STRONGBOW.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Author of "The Gamin Detective," "Nobody's Boy," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER V. UNDER COVER.

It was a perilous position in which Phil Hardy found himself. What could a little midge like him do in the sturdy hands of Tim Fagan? And if this was a case of murder, as the boy imagined, they might murder him rather than let him escape with his information.

Yet Phil's mother wit did not for an instant desert him. He glanced quickly about him for a closet. There was none in sight. The bed was too low to crawl under. He remembered that when on the wharf he had seen the light move directly from one room to the other. There must then be a communicating door.

He looked round. There lay the door immediately behind him. He tried the latch. It turned, but the door refused to open. It was locked.

Phil was in a desperate quandary. The rat had been caught in a trap of his own making. But all his movements, so far, had taken place in a moment of time. The slow-moving step outside was yet some distance from the door. There was still a chance to make a dash for it.

He gave a quick step toward the door, and then halted with the thought that he could not possibly escape, in a strange, dark house, from a man thoroughly acquainted with every part of it.

As he paused in his flight his eyes fell on the bed. A new idea shot through his mind. He shuddered at the thought, but it was the only hope left, and there was no time to waste in sentiment or superstition. With a quick spring Phil was in the bed, between the dread parcel and the wall, and had wormed down deep under the covers, keeping close beside the corded bundle so that no lifting of the bedclothes should be apparent.

The boy had often assured himself that there was no superstitious foolishness about him, that he was too matter-of-fact for that, and it was with a sense of shame that he strove to repress the involuntary shrinking which affected him, as he felt the outlines of the body above him.

"Didn't think Phil Hardy was such a baby as to be afraid of a dead woman," he thought. "Live things is all that's worth being afraid of. Dunno what harm a dead corp kin do anybody. As fur sperits, there's only one kind that I know on; and I dont swaller that kind nor no other kind."

With a grim smile at his own conceit, Phil nestled closer under the edge of the corpse, and stretched himself out at full length.

He was none too soon. The step of the newcomer now sounded on the floor of the room, and Phil's alert senses traced his progress up to the side of the bed.

The boy was half-smothered for want of air, but he lay utterly motionless, breathing as well as he could under the circumstances, and listening with the utmost attentiveness.

He felt a movement as the new-comer seemed to have touched the bed, or probably made some examination of its dubious contents.

Then there came a voice, faint, far-off, hardly reaching Phil's quick ears under his shroud of bed covers.

"It all looks right," the voice said. "I dont know what it is, but I was sure I heard something moving. I had a sort of foolish notion that it was the woman. But she looks past moving."

"She's as dead as a door-nail," was Phil's unspoken reply. "And door-nails dont move without hands, so dont worry yourself, Tim Fagan."

"I wish Hendricks hadn't brought it here," was the next faint remark.

"I am afraid he will bring me into trouble. I dont like this half and half business. I like folks to be either dead or alive, and done with it."

He seemed to have turned away with this last remark. Phil listened with great relief.

"The woman isn't dead then, but only playin' possum," said Phil to himself. "All I've got to say then is that she's an old hand at the job. And now, Tim Fagan, I dont keer a brass cent how soon you git back to bed agin."

He ventured to slightly lift the bed clothes, so as to get a breath of air. Fagan's steps were receding. He stopped near the door of the room. "I could have sworn I saw the bed move," he muttered uneasily. "I dont like that thing in the house. I thought there wasn't any foolishness about me, but I dont like it. Why didn't Hendricks sink it to the bottom of the river and be done with it?"

"A mighty handy way of bein' done with things," was Phil's noiseless rejoinder. "I think he had a notion to try it on, if he hadn't been afeared.—That's right, Fagan. It's 'bout time you were gettin' out. And I hope you'll have quiet times and sweet dreams for the rest of this blessed night."

Phil got his head once more into the air as he listened to the receding steps without. They were followed by a fumbling about the next room, and then by silence.

The boy was too acute, though, to be in any hurry to move. He let a full half-hour pass before again stirring. It was still dark. The moon had not again broken forth. He heard a sharp pattering sound in the street.

"It's rainin', sure as fish-bones," he said to himself. "I hope it'll come down like pavin' stones. Like to have a little thunder and lightning too. Anything to help a feller out of this scrape."

He was now gliding noiselessly from his cover.

In a minute he stood once more beside the bed, gazing at the scarcely visible outlines before him. "They say dead corpses are cold as ice. I'll try this one."

He inserted his hand through the opening in the cloth, and laid a finger on the smooth cheek of the woman.

"Feels just like velvet," he muttered. "And it aint so cold neither. Just cool, that's all. Sure as snakes the lady aint no deader than I am. If I dont make Rome howl it's a caution.—And now, I've got to worm myself out of this here habitation."

A fly would have made more noise than did Phil in his outward progress. It was deep darkness again as soon as he had passed beyond the influence of the open window.

But he knew just where to find the stairs, and made his way down them with but a faint creak or two, which were drowned in the dash of rain outside.

"Best make fur the back door of the house," reflected Phil. "There'll be only a bolt or so to open there. And I want to git my shoes, anyhow. Wouldn't do to leave them. Dunno but my shoemaker's got his autygraph on them. Aint a-goin' to let myself be smelt out that way by Tim Fagan's long nose."

Groping along in almost a creeping attitude, Phil made his way back through the house without tumbling over any chairs or kicking any tin pans. He felt his way back into the shed kitchen, and succeeded in reaching the door of which he was in search.

"Only one bolt, and that's a comfort," he said, as he cautiously pulled back the slender iron bar between him and liberty. "And now,

I'll wipe Tim Fagan's dust off my feet. It's mean dust, anyhow."

The rain was descending in a brisk shower. But, heedless of that, Phil groped round till he had found his shoes.

"If they aint full of water, I'll sell out!" he ejaculated. "Think I best go barefoot and carry them Wellingtons.—There's one blessing in the rain, anyhow. It'll wash the lamplack off of my face and toggery."

It would have done any one good to have seen him, if there had been daylight enough to reveal the lanky rivulets that coursed down his features and his habiliments, and blackened the ground beneath him.

"I'll be clean as a new penny by the time I git home, that's one comfort," he thought, as he made his way down the alley, and into the deserted street.

Phil trudged homeward through the drenching rain, constantly congratulating himself on his good fortune in getting such an easy and clean washing.

"There ought to be something in luck, after all," he soliloquized, as an extra heavy dash of water deluged him.

"Where are you going, boy?" cried a policeman, comfortably ensconced under an awning.

"Home," was Phil's short reply.

"What are you carrying there?"

"Shoes," said Phil.

"Stole them, hey?"

"I'd guv a quarter to the chap that would steal them from me," replied Phil.

"Then why dont you wear them out, and get rid of them that way?"

"My skin turns the water better. Good-night, Johnny!" and Phil was off at a run, for fear his questioner might amuse himself by arresting him.

He got safely home without further stoppage by the guardians of the night.

When his grandmother entered Phil's room, next morning, she gave vent to a cry of terror, and ran quickly into the passage, wringing her hands in dismay.

She had been unaware of the boy's return, and the sight she beheld was enough to frighten the anxious old lady.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Hardy?" inquired the occupant of another room, who had been startled by her cry.

"My poor boy!" she moaned in answer. "Something dreadful has happened to him. I know. Oh, Mr. Jones, just go into his room and look at him. I am afraid to see him agin."

Mr. Jones himself was scared at the first sight of Phil. He had taken off and wrung out his wet clothes, and had them strung round the room in various positions to dry.

As for himself, he lay in bed, covered to the throat, and only his face visible. But such a streaked, druggled, and generally disreputable face was seldom seen on a human being. It looked like the map of Turkey, done in charcoal, on a flesh-colored background.

"It is some dreadful fever, I know," moaned the old lady from the doorway. "Or maybe the plague. That, they say, turns people black."

Mr. Jones's reply was to burst into a peal of laughter, as he passed his hand lightly over Phil's face.

"It is lamplack, that is my notion, Mrs. Hardy," was his response. "A little clean water will be the best cure for his sickness. Been playing negro minstrel, I fancy."

Mrs. Hardy darted forward and passed her hands over the boy's face.

As sure as you live it is the case," she cried. "The young rogue has been turning himself in to a blackamoor."

This fingering of his face woke Phil from his deep slumber. He opened his eyes and gazed dubiously up into the two faces bending over him.

"What's busted?" he asked. "Is the house afire?"

"Where have you been, you reprobate?" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy, with as much temper as she was capable of showing to Phil. "And how did you get your face into such a horrible plight?"

"Up came Phil's hand, and rubbed over his face lustily. He then held it up before his eyes, a blank look of dismay spreading over his features, which was succeeded by a merry laugh.

"Well, I'll be swigged," he said, "if I didn't think half the skin had been washed off of me. And here I am streaked like a hyena.—Spose it's the badness washin' out of me. It rained hard enough to git down below the skin."

"To just look at the boy," groaned Mrs. Hardy. "And his clothes soaking wet."

"Got caught in a drizzle last night," returned Phil, with a grimace of his streaked face that set them both laughing. "Now you slide, granny, you and Mr. Jones. I'll git up and wash myself into a Christian agin. Reckon I'll have to put on some of my Sunday fixins, too, till these duds dry."

"But how did it all happen, Phil?" asked Mr. Jones, curiously.

"Tell you that arter I git up and scrub my face a bit," replied Phil.

His visitors retired, leaving Phil to make himself presentable, and to invent some plausible story to satisfy the curiosity of Mr. Jones.

#### CHAPTER VI. PHIL PROSPECTING.

PHIL was quite a rejuvenated youth when he presented himself at the breakfast-table of his grandmother. His face shone as if it had been polished with emery. He wore his best suit, which set off his handsome figure to advantage; and his eyes sparkled like two rubies.

"Gettin' to feel like myself agin," he said, as he saw the old lady's eyes fixed proudly on him. "Sort of empty, too. Guess I kin eat my share."

"I am never afraid but what you will do that, Phil," she laughingly responded.

"Spose appertite must be a good thing fur boys to have, or they wouldn't have so much of it," replied Phil, in a tone of apology. "Seems somehow to grow with me."

Breakfast over, Phil proceeded to satisfy Mr. Jones and Mrs. Hardy as to his adventures of the night before. But the story he told them was no more like the reality than his streaked face had been like the red-cheeked countenance he now displayed.

It did not strike him as quite advisable to make public his housebreaking enterprise, or to take too many confidants into the task which lay before him.

When he at length started out on his usual daily business of vagabondage, he found himself again waylaid by his little friend Susy.

"Out late last night agin, Phil," she said, shaking her finger admonishingly at him. "I could not sleep till I heard you come in. Especially when the rain come up."

"I was just like a drowned duck, Susy," confessed Phil. "But I'm all right agin now, little sweetheart."

"And where have you been? And did you find out anything?" she eagerly inquired.



"If I tell you, Susy, you won't tell anybody! Not even your father or mother!"

"Nobody. If you tell me not to."

"Let's take a seat then, Susy, for it's a long story. And I know some of it will make your hair stand right up on end."

She spread her hands resolutely on her curling locks, as if determined that they should go into no such perpendicular freaks, as the two took their usual seat, at the head of the stairs. Phil did not venture to Susy, as he had done to his former auditors. She was the confidante of all his adventures, and he told her a plain, unvarnished tale of his last night's work. But it was to her romance of the deepest dye. She held her breath in terror or excitement at many points in the narrative, and when Phil reached his discovery of the deathly face it seemed indeed as if her hair would stand on end.

"Oh, Phil, what did she look like?" Susy breathlessly exclaimed.

"As pretty as a picture."

"Are you sure she wasn't dead?"

"Tim Fagan said she wasn't. That's all I know, 'cept that her face didn't feel like a corpse's."

"But you haven't come to that yet."

"Well then you mustn't get skeered at what I'm a-goin' to tell you now, fur I got into difficulties, Susy. But I'm all right now, so don't be getting nervous."

She could not very well control her nerves, however, as Phil told of his peril and escape.

"You're a dear, brave fellow, Phil, and it's just as good as reading a novel, and I'm going to kiss you for it."

And Susy's arms were round Phil's neck in a hug which was full of nervous excitement.

"What are you going to do now, Phil?" she eagerly asked.

"Don't know, Susy. Tell you to-morrow," said Phil.

But it was with considerable trouble that he escaped from his young friend, and made his way to the street.

Our vagabond was not very well defined in his ideas as to what was best to do in these very critical circumstances.

His first movement was toward the neighborhood of the previous night's adventure. The house stood there still; as innocent looking and free from dubious secrets as summer sunshine can make a house appear.

The window of a mysteriously-occupied chamber was closed with a drawn curtain. This was the only evidence of concealment. Tim Fagan himself stood in the door of the tap-room, tall, raw-boned, muscular; with a thick red whisker and a fierce look about the eyes. Phil blessed his stars that he had not fallen into that man's hands the night before.

"He'd been wuss on me than a lemon-squeezer," thought the boy, as he noticed the brawny bare arm of the innkeeper. "If I'd a got into them beatings, which I s'pose he calls hands, he'd just a-squeezed me. If things keeps on this way I'll come to think that's a thing as will."

Phil walked slowly away, deeply cogitating. His step became more decided as his thoughts took definite shape, and he seemed to have arrived at some fixed conclusion.

"I calculate the custom-housers ought to be the ones to take a job like this in; fer I know it's smuggled goods. And I giv in that the business is getting too weighty fur me."

In less than half an hour Phil found himself in the office of the New York Collector of Customs, having asked for and been ushered into the presence of that individual.

This gentleman was alone, and looked up inquiringly at his youthful visitor, as the latter walked independently forward.

"What can I do for you, my boy?" he asked.

"Got five minutes to waste on a feller of my size?" responded Phil, helping himself to a chair.

"I have no time to waste on any one," was the smiling reply.

"Cause I s'pose you'll think it's wasted," said Phil, depositing his hat on the table. "It's just this way: I'm on the track of some smuggled goods. I want a little help, fur it's kind of ticklish, and I didn't know how better to look fur it."

"What kind of smuggled goods?" asked the collector, leaning forward.

"Well," said Phil, hesitatingly, "I dunno just what kind of merchandise you call it. It's a sort you don't often look up in your warehouses, cause why, it won't keep."

"I have no time to beat around the bush at this rate," the officer impatiently replied.

"What is this merchandise where was it smuggled from? and where is it?"

"That's three questions in one, and you don't give a feller time to take breath between them," responded Phil, impatiently. "It's a queer sort. I kin tell you that."

"Will you answer my questions?"

"Well, then, it's a woman," said Phil, driven to bay. "That is, it's a corpse. Or I mean it's a corpse if it were only dead and not playin' possum, as I've got a notion it is."

"What foolish nonsense is this?" asked the annoyed officer. "I have no more time to waste on you, boy. Merchants, now-a-days, do not import women. There are more here now than they can conveniently handle.—And as for the corpse that is not a corpse, that is a riddle I shall not undertake to guess."

"It looks like one, anyhow," muttered Phil. "I tell you this. That was a feminine corpse, done up in drygoods, smuggled out of the Strongbow last night. And it's layin' now at Tim Fagan's, on the wharf. And it's somethin' aint done mighty soon I'm afeared there'll be murder."

"More likely a resurrection, if it is a corpse now," said the collector, ringing a bell at his elbow.

"Show this young man out," he said, shortly, to the messenger who entered.

"See here, Mr. Collector," said Phil, saucily. "Maybe I've got things a little mixed up. But I don't see no use in your bein' so mighty crusty about it. It's your business to look up smuggled goods. That's what you're put here fur by our feller citizens. Now I've posted you 'bout a square bit of smugglin', and maybe a murder. I don't care a brass pinyon what you do 'bout it. But if it's a murder, you look out. I bet somebody'll squirm."

"The police take charge of murders," said the collector, in a quiet tone. "Suppose you favor them with your comendrum."

"All sound!" retorted Phil. "I'll give you this for your pipe, comendrum. I'm a-fakin' goin' into politics, and I bet I'll beat the head of our ward rafter afore I'm in it six months. So you look out, Mr. Collector. I'm a-goin' to make that seat of yours a hot one."

And Phil swaggered out, with his hat set jauntily on one side of his head. The official followed him with astonished eyes.

"What could have ailed the boy?" he mused. "His story was a most incomprehensible muddle. Is he cracked in his upper story, or has he really discovered something which he has mixed in the telling? At all events, he is the saniciest young reprobate I have seen for an age."

Meanwhile Phil was making his independent way down the street.

He, too, mused as he went, somewhat in the following strain:

"Got a kind of steep notion that I've been making a fool of myself. It's a hard thing to say, but it runs in my noddle it's the truth. If Mr. Collector knowed what I was talkin' about he knowed a blamed sight more than I did, fur I got wimmin folks and corpses tied up in a kind of hard knot, and couldn't git the ridiculus thing open.—And if I did sell myself fur a fool I stuck to it anyhow. I wouldn't go back on a thing I'd said fur enough customers to pack that big shanty full. That's my way to go out of a blunder backwards. I believe in goin' through, if it takes the hide off."

Thus cogitating, Phil made slow headway toward the wharves, the thought passing through his mind that perhaps he had best take the advice just given him, and apply to the police authorities.

"I jist s'pose, though," he thought, "that they'll worry me with all sorts of questions till I git impudent. And then I know it'll all be up."

And it's 'stonishin' how little a boy kin say without it's bein' called impudent. Now I thought I was ridickulus perfit to that customer till he ordered me out. And fur all that I bet he'd swear I was saucy as a pet cat. It's jist odd what queer ways men has."

"Well, I'll s'pose, if here aint Phil Hardy in his Sunday fixins; and it aint Saturday yet!"

Phil turned hastily as he heard this familiar voice at his ear. He saw the begrimed face of Dirty Dick.

"Hallo, boss!" was Phil's unique salutation. "Oh! you needn't be squintin' at my rig. Been a-callin' on big bugs, and had to spruce up a little."

"Wonder if he aint been to a fire last night?" said Dick, sarcastically.

"Oh, blow all that!" was Phil's impatient answer. "You didn't pay for them, and won't be asked. So dry up, Where's the boys?"

"Dunno," replied Dick. "Goin' to the wharf?"

"Guess so."

"All right. Trot along. I aint ashamed of you.—Fur all that I've got a notion that it might do some good if you'd put that face of yours on a grindstone, and take off an inch or two of sile. I'd like to see how fur down the hide is."

"You be fiddled! I scrubbed my face last Sunday," averred Dick.

"With the blackin' brush!"

"It's agin my principle to answer sich questions," said Dick, with assumed dignity.

Thus sparring the boys at length reached the wharf, the scene of their late quarrel. The Strongbow was now busily unloading. The wharf beside her was thickly strewn with her miscellaneous cargo, and a dozen drays were engaged in hauling it away.

Phil's enemy, the mate, was occupied in overseeing the process of unloading. He seemed not to have forgotten his late episode with the boy. Phil could see him gradually approaching in an apparently unintentional manner.

"Look out for black whiskers," said Dick, warningly. "He's sneakin' for you. Wants to pay you out for that bite."

"All correct, Dick. I'm a-watchin' him. If he comes it over Phil Hardy, he kin climb to the mast head and crow."

The boys stood looking on at the unloading, seemingly unaware that the mate was nearly within reach.

With a sudden quick motion this individual made a grasp for Phil. But he calculated without his host.

The boy was ten feet away, with his fingers at his nose, while the mate came near measuring his length on the wharf.

"Guess you want my tother eye tooth in your other leg," said Phil.

"If I got hold of you I will settle for your bite," cried the mate, savagely.

"Maybe he kin settle fur somebody last night," replied Phil.

"What do you mean?" faltered the mate, growing suddenly pale.

"You kin take it just as you please," returned Phil, turning on his heel and leaving the wharf.

Yet the two boys hid in the shade of a neighboring house till they saw the mate of the Strongbow hastily passing down the line of the wharves.

"Now foller me, Dick," ordered Phil, mysteriously. "There's fun afoot."

CHAPTER VII.  
A STERN CHASE.

But we must leave the boyish confederates, and follow their prey, Mr. Hendricks, the mate of the Strongbow, to his destination.

He seemed much disturbed as he walked hastily along the wharves, too preoccupied in his mood to notice that he was closely followed.

"What made the boy say that?" he growled savagely between his teeth. "It was a chance guess. The young hound knows something. He may have come to the wharf this morning just for the purpose of saying it. I am afraid Tim Fagan has leaked."

Reaching the Gray Harbor, which was the poetical title of Fagan's groggery, Mr. Hendricks turned resolutely in, not dreaming, apparently, that any one could have had an object in following him.

The brawny innkeeper was behind his bar, attending to the spiritual needs of a brace of rickety tars. Mr. Hendricks called for a glass of ale, and stood slowly sipping it till the sailors were gone.

"Get somebody in your place, at once," commanded Hendricks, as he passed with you.

Fagan called a young man to the bar, and led the way back into the house.

"Now I'm on hand," he said, when they had reached a rear room.

"Hold on a minute, there are about your shanty, Fagan."

"Nobody but me and my wife, except the young fellow that tends to the bar."

"And do they know about—?" and he indicated the rest by an upward twirl of his thumb.

"Mrs. Fagan does, of course. I couldn't hide it from her. But she's as true as steel. And she knows the kind of a fist I carry, too."

"And the bartender?"

"He knows no more about it than a street boy."

"That is not saying much, Fagan," was the mate's fierce answer. "Street boys know a good deal too much about it. Why, blast it, man, I was twitted to my teeth, not an hour ago, by a small little monkey of a wharf rat. Now I want to know who has been leakin'."

"If he got it from me you can chew me up."

"And I know that my wife has not chap in of the house, and there has been no such chap in. Who was this boy?"

"Good heavens, man, I have not got a directory of the young vagabonds of New York in my brain," Hendricks impatiently replied. "He is a little creature, with an ugly red face, and I suppose about fifteen years old. And he has teeth like tiger's claws. That is all I know of him."

"He has not been in this house to-day then. I'll swear that," was Fagan's positive assertion. "If he knows anything, he must have got it somewhere else, or he's a liar. Who about the vessel knows of this business?"

"Nobody but me and the captain."

"He might have been lurking about last night, and have seen you."

"That won't answer, Fagan," was the quick response. "I am afraid that the little villain knows the whole business.—Is it safe?" pointing upward.

"You can see for yourself," said the innkeeper, leading toward the stairs. "And I hope you'll get rid of it blamed soon, for I don't want to get into any scrape about it."

Hendricks quietly followed him to the upper room.

There, on a bed in the corner, lay that which had so startled Phil Hardy the night before, a long, corded bundle, lying utterly motionless.

"She hasn't stirred," declared Fagan, in a low tone. "I'm desperately afraid the woman is dead."

"No, no," replied Hendricks. "It is a strong medicine, while it does not lose its effect before to-morrow. If it should go off, though, keep her quiet, if you have to use the chloroform; and force the draught I gave you into her mouth."

"I'll do that," returned Fagan.

"Let her be no bungling," enjoined Hendricks, decisively. "If she should come to and give an alarm, it might be a bad business for all of us. She must be got rid of to-night.—Mind you, if she should recover, that her pretty face and soft tongue don't soften your nerves."

"I have no nerves," protested Fagan, bluntly. "And as for her face, I don't care to look at it."

"It is the face of a beautiful young devil—or that will be a devil to us if she gets loose," replied Hendricks. "There's more than the money that is in it concerned in our putting her away. It is a question of safety now."

As he spoke he threw back the close folds of the cloth, revealing the beautiful, colorless face that lay so placidly within.

The two men stood gazing with hard eyes down upon that which should have softened a heart of stone.

Suddenly Hendricks started and grasped his companion's arm with a fierce grip. He pointed sternly downward.

"What is it?" asked Fagan.

"That! Where did that come from?"

"I met thee when thy soft, dark eyes were languishing with care. At looked thee when thy quivering lips breathed out a whispered prayer. That Heaven would shield thy youthful head. And guard thy lonely way through this dark wilderness of woe. To life's eternal day."

"I thought to turn thy darkening thoughts to hope's sunlight and joy. Lest chilling frost's untimely light should Heaven's fair work destroy. I woe'd thee when the light of love was beaming on thy brow. And woe'd in smiles thy lips, as sweet As those that grace them now."

"I won't see when none other as me To cheer thy saddened heart. And thought I'd won a priceless gem, Whose worth would ne'er depart. Vain hope's a gayer rival came And dimmed the ardent glow That lighted up my heart with joys I never again can know."

"Since truth has fled thy once pure breast, Now stained by treachery's blot— Although with radiant beauty blest, False once, I love thee not!"

Hendricks followed him more slowly, cursing in a low, ominous tone at every step.

He reached the front room adjoining the bar shortly after Fagan. That individual was standing before an open hearth, from which he had removed the fire-bricks, and was looking disconsolately at a heap of soot in the interior of the fireplace.

"My house has been entered last night!" he cried. "And by your boy! Nobody bigger could come through this flue. See here, where he has left his foot on the carpet!"

"You're a sweet specimen to have a delicate business in hand," exclaimed Hendricks in a savage tone, his hand within his breast, as if half-tempted to draw and use a weapon on his dubious antagonist.

"It is your own bungling then," retorted Fagan, with equal fierceness. "You have let the boy track you here. If there is any harm comes to me from this work, I'll be hanged if you shan't answer for it."

Hendricks was silent. He seemed to be struck by the possible truth of Fagan's theory.

"Is that all?" he asked. "Was there no noise? No other trace of a housebreaker?"

"Yes. I was awakened in the middle of the night, I think, by the boy. There seemed to be a sound of some kind in the next room. I got a candle and prospected, but everything looked all right. I had a half notion it was the woman, but she lay as quiet as she does now.—My wife found the kitchen door unbolted this morning, and I thought it must have been forgotten last night."

"And you got frightened away by a dead woman's face," said Hendricks, sneeringly. "And all the time your chimney-sweep lay under the cross, laughing at you for a superstitious fool, as you were."

Fagan's harsh face darkened as he answered: "It is as well for him! If I had caught the boy there I would not have left two bones of him hanging together.—There is one thing certain, Jack Hendricks. That boy knows too much for our safety. He must be got rid of."

"That's my notion. The sharp young rogue sold himself to me cheap, this morning. He has got to be settled. And the woman—"

"Yes, the woman," interrupted Fagan, with an anxious expression. "It was a chance."

The precious pair of rogues sat and earnestly conversed for the next half hour.

"Then at two o'clock, sharp, to-night," announced Hendricks, with inextinguishable loudness, as he rose to depart.

"Make it two. I will be ready," replied Fagan, following from the room.

They were quite unaware that the window had been raised and the shutter only bowed, and that a pair of sharp ears outside had overheard their conversation.

"Scout, Dirty Dick!" whispered Phil Hardy. "The mate's afoot."

And the two young spies hastily left that perilous locality.

The moon rose on the night came.—It was clear and moonlit. But as midnight went by the moon sunk low westward behind the roofs and spires of the city. Only the faint starlight and the distant gleam of street lamps, broke the thick gloom which lay upon the dark waters of the bay.

The hour of two on the night of June and everything lay in placid warmth.

The great ships rose and fell with a long, low pulse at the wharves and at their anchorage in the bay. A boat containing two youthful occupants, and closely hugging the sides of an occupied pier, rose on this same low swell from the ocean without. The seas and streams were far more tranquil than were their young hearts at that moment, as they anxiously waited for some expected event.

The hour of two tolled solemnly from some far-off belfry tower. Almost simultaneously footsteps and low voices were audible on the adjoining wharf. The boys remained silent until they heard the faint sound of oars. In a moment more they caught the glimpse of a low, dark boat stealing swiftly out over the dusky waters of the East river.

Their own oars moved as if muffled. No sound came from them as their boat shot out in the wake of the former.

"For to do a night's silent flight and chase continued. The middle of the stream was reached, and both boats headed down toward the bay."

"Listen!" said one of the occupants of the foremost boat. "That sounds like an oar."

"That's the mate's boat," said the other, in a low, dark tone, as he caught the glimpse of a low, dark boat stealing swiftly out over the dusky waters of the East river.

"By all that's bad, Fagan," he replied, "there is a boat, not a quarter of a mile off, and headed straight this way. Pull hard, man, we may be grasped!"

"Best lighten our load and head for shore," muttered Fagan, savagely. "We're too heavy astern.—There's no better place than this for the job. Our unlucky ballast will sink like a stone; and there aint a craft on the river can catch us in the night boat."

"Well thought of," assented Hendricks, harshly. "Wish I'd put a stone to her feet to make it surer. Pull ahead, Tim. I'll do the work."

Shipping his oars he stooped over and lifted the heavy bundle in his arms. There was a quick shudder. The folds of the cloth fell back from the woman's face, revealing parted lips and distended eyes, whose gaze fell first on the cruel face of the mate, and then on the dark, heaving waters.

He resolutely lifted her over the side of the boat. One loud, long, wailing scream rang out over the dim waters, waving echoes miles away, and reaching the startled ears of drowsy watchmen on the city wharves.

Then there was a sudden plunge in the stream, and the mate and his companion disappeared.

The boat of the murderers shot onward in an arrow-like flight, leaving only a diminishing ring of wavelets behind it.

The oars of the pursuers paused for a single instant, as the light boat, starting up broke upon the untroubled silence of the night.

Then their oars fell again in unison, and the light boat sped rapidly forward.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 405.)

In the list of subscriptions to the Indian Famine Relief Fund we find the following entry from Liverpool: "Fines in a family for the misuse of the word 'awful,' £1." It is to be hoped that this is only an isolated case; for if all the families where words are misused are perforce, to become contributors to the Indian Famine Fund, before very long there will be a famine in England.

## I LOVE THEE NOT.

BY HERMAN KARPIS.

I love thee not, altho' thou art  
As beautiful and bright  
As yon sweet orb that sparkles thro'  
The amber veil of night.  
I met thee when thy soft, dark eyes  
Were languishing with care,  
And lo! when thou wert quivering lips  
Bathed out a whispered prayer  
That Heaven would shield thy youthful head,  
And guard thy lonely way  
Through this dark wilderness of woe  
To life's eternal day.

I sought to turn thy darkening thoughts  
To hope's sunlight and joy,  
Lest chilling frost's untimely light  
Should Heaven's fair work destroy.  
I woe'd thee when the light of love  
Was beaming on thy brow,  
And woe'd in smiles thy lips, as sweet  
As those that grace them now.

I won't see when none other as me  
To cheer thy saddened heart,  
And thought I'd won a priceless gem,  
Whose worth would ne'er depart.  
Vain hope's a gayer rival came  
And dimmed the ardent glow  
That lighted up my heart with joys  
I never again can know.

Since truth has fled thy once pure breast,  
Now stained by treachery's blot—  
Although with radiant beauty blest,  
False once, I love thee not!

## Margoun, the Strange:

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER," "\$50,000 REWARD," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ARRIVAL AT THE GRANGE.—SOMETHING SEEN.

Old Gilbert Grayling could scarcely believe his senses, as, entering his wife's chamber, he tottered on and reached the sitting-room. He would be thanked that I have drawn another paper," he muttered. "Now I will destroy the other, so that—"

He paused abruptly and strode eagerly to the desk. He flashed his eyes closely around. High on the wall, he searched. Then he ransacked every drawer in the desk. But the paper was not to be found!

"Too bad!" he ejaculated, in a low, uneasy tone. "But, I darsay it has been thrown into the grate, as refuse paper; if so, all is well. If not—But it must be so."

Consoling himself with this reflection; he flung himself into a chair and gave way to moody thoughts which of late had been his constant companions.

A week elapsed.

Mrs. Grayling was soon well, and her stern, stately, beautiful self again. Dr. Goodspeed had in the meantime called as he had promised. He was glad to find that his "few simple remedies" had acted so well. Mrs. Grayling returned him his book with profuse thanks.

Thorie Manton had seen nothing of the Graylings since the adventure near the Grange gate. But he and the faithful Margoun had not been idling away their time in the old Lodge. Every day, in company, they had scoured the coast in all directions, and they found ample evidence that strange feet had been prowling through the woods.

Footprints were abundant; and near the spot where Manton's life had last been attempted, a handkerchief had been found. On a corner of it, in indelible ink, were marked the following letters: "M. D."

Thorie knew well enough that his old foe, Moses Denby, was still on his track; and he had ample cause to be certain that the fellow was unrelentingly thirsting for his blood.

This circumstance gave the young man a good deal of concern. There had been a time in the not distant past when he would have laughed at all this, when nothing would have better suited his fiery nature, than to have hunted down Moses Denby, and fought with him—foot to foot—steel to steel—the wager of life or death. But that time had passed; for in his heart fresh pulses were beating, and he felt that a new world was opened up to him. He did not care to have his life jeopardized now.

Thorie Manton loved Grace Grayling.

As he and Margoun sat one evening alone in the study, while the early hours of twilight were settling over the Lodge, a letter was brought in by Susan.

"For you, Master Thorie," she said; "and a messenger from the Grange fetched it, sir."

Young Manton started at the word Grange, and took the letter with undisguised eagerness. But he did not read it until Susan had left the room. Then he hastily broke the great seal of red wax and took out the sheet. With some surprise, and more pleasure, he read the following:

"GRATULATORY GRANGE, }  
"Monday eve."

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have been longing of late to call upon you in person, and thank you again for saving my life and that of my daughter, by perilling your own. But I have been prevented by various circumstances. Suffice it to say, my dear young sir, that I shall never forget your gallant act; and, in the matter of heartfelt gratitude, Miss Grayling joins me in my expressions to you.—I write this, too, to state that a week from to-night a grand reception will be held at my house, and to give you a most cordial invitation to be present. If you do not come I will be pained to ascribe your absence to an unpleasant incident of the past, which, for my part, I am not willing to forget. Besides that, if you will honor me by coming, I have a little private business matter to speak with you this evening.—If you are entirely so disposed, I am quite sure that we can get a few moments to ourselves. With renewed expressions of gratitude, I am, my dear sir, most faithfully,  
"Yours,  
"GILBERT GRAYLING."

Thorie smiled; but it was a bright, pleasant smile.

"The skies are clearing! I'll accept the invitation," he muttered, as he drew a sheet of paper toward him, and wrote a brief note. Ringing a hand-bell, he dispatched it by Aleck to the Grange.

That afternoon the old stage-coach, that ran between Wyndham Station and Shoreville, and which had resumed its trips, paused at the gate of Grayling Grange. A solitary passenger alighted and entered the long, gloomy grove.

It was Abner Denby.

Mrs. Grayling was at the window when the stage-coach stopped. She saw the man descend from it; and as he drew near the house she started back with flashing eyes and whitening cheeks.

"Abner Denby!" she hissed, in a bitter, tremulous voice. "Ay! and this very night I must see him!"

Her words died away in a mutter.

When supper was over that evening, and as Abner was leaving the room, Mrs. Grayling brushed close to him, and whispered:

"Sit up to-night! Follow the messenger I'll send. I must see you. This is a matter of money. Be mum!"

Then she passed on.

It was past ten o'clock. Abner Denby sat alone in the room which had been assigned him. Upon his small white face was a triumphant expression.

He was suddenly startled by a gentle rap at the door. Ere he could answer the summons the door was pushed open and Florine entered.

"A card for monsieur," she said in a guarded tone, handing him the bit of pasteboard.

Abner took it, and read, in pencil:

"Follow bearer. Keep your eyes open. There's money in it!"

The two stole from the room at once.

It was past midnight when Abner returned. A glad look was on his face, and a victory showed in his every feature. He pushed the door wide open and entered.

"A thousand dollars clear!" he laughed in his wicked way. "Ay! for what? Why, simply keeping my mouth shut for two months, and not telling old Grayling that his handsome wife once cared more than she would have him know for his head-clerk, Abner Denby! Well, I certainly can sleep well on this! So I'll—"



Despite her sad heart, Grace smiled at her last words.

But Clara Dean did not smile. A musing look, in the last moment, had gradually settled upon her face. Looking up quietly, she said:

"One thing is certain in my mind, Grace, and that is: your stepmother and Abner Denby have met before to-night!"

"What! And why do you think so?"

"I saw a glance pass between them, when your father so curtly introduced his hired man to her. There was something significant in that glance. Wouldn't it be quite strange if it should turn out that—"

She paused—a meaning smile playing around her lips.

"I saw no such glance," answered Grace, uneasily. "But you were going to say something else, Clara?"

"Only this: it would be strange if the present Mrs. Grayling should turn out to be the former lady-love of your father's head-clerk—the fair, but faithless Cynthia Summers!"

Grace sat bolt upright in her chair; her smooth brow wrinkled and a hot reply was on her lips. But forcing a calmness, she said:

"It is an insinuation unworthy of you, Clara; and what you say is sheerest nonsense. The very idea!"

Clara only smiled.

The two girls were certainly very wide-awake, for they continued to talk until long after the old mansion was wrapped in silence, until past the weird and witch-like midnight hour.

But at last they arose, and began their preparations for retiring.

"Did it ever strike you, Grace," said Clara, in an abstracted manner, "that this old mansion is a fitting place for a tip-top, first-class ghost promenade?" and she laughed loud.

"Ghost! Yes; and did you know, Clara, there is an old-time tale that the old mansion is haunted—that it is infested by the uneasy spirit of one of its long-time owners, one of the Mantons family, who met in some way with a sudden death?"

"Oh, yes; 'tis an old-time tale to me," was the reply. "This is a fitting hour for ghosts to walk; so say old women and wisecracks! And upon my soul, the deserted veranda under our window is a marvelous place for those unsubstantial nothings to take an airing upon!"

With a light, scornful laugh Clara walked to the window which opened upon the veranda. The curtain was drawn aside.

But a chill of sudden horror almost froze Clara Dean's heart, as, at that very moment, a short figure, in sheeted white, passed slowly by the window.

With a wailing cry Clara staggered back and fell to the floor.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE NIGHT OF THE RECEPTION.

ABNER DENBY had heard the shriek; and he had seen, only a few moments before, the apparition which had passed by Grace's window.

There were two others in the mansion who heard the cry, likewise—Mrs. Grayling and Florine Flavell.

These two were, at the time, in the maid's room where the lady had had her mysterious interview with Abner Denby.

She started at the cry, and exclaimed: "Good heavens! What can that be?"

The French maid, though somewhat startled, soon recovered her wonted taciturnity, and smiled as she said:

"'Tis rumored, madame, that this old house is haunted; 'tis only my suggestion, you know."

"Haunted! Bosh! I rather fear that that white-faced fool, Abner Denby, has been seen, and—"

"Let us step out into the yard and take a look," coolly interrupted Florine, moving toward the door.

Mrs. Grayling hesitated, then the two stole out into the cold night. Reaching the yard they glanced about them, then up at the dark veranda running by the second-story window.

"Good heavens, madame! Look!" ejaculated the maid, in a frightened whisper.

She was pointing toward the further end of the long porch, at a short, dull-white object which was creeping away in that direction. A moment, and it disappeared as though suddenly swallowed up in the darkness.

Mrs. Grayling had seen it, then fled into her chamber, where her husband had been asleep for more than an hour.

It was known, the following day, that on the night which had just passed, a veritable ghost had been seen by more than one person under the snow-covered roof of the old house.

When this news reached the ears of Mr. Grayling he was visibly annoyed. He scouted the ghost theory in toto. When alone he muttered:

"Confound this thing! It bothers me—when I have enough on hand already! This may be some prowler who is after robbery and takes this guise to attain his object. As to the 'haunted' tale, clinging to the mansion, 'tis simply absurd. For my soul, I am sorry now—for more reasons than one—that I dismissed old Silas. He would have been first-rate at ferreting out this mystery. I wonder where the poor old fellow is! I darsay in Shoreville. I must search him out and bring him back."

Mr. Grayling was not satisfied that day until he and John had made a search. The old mansion was ransacked from garret to cellar, and every hole and corner, nook, cranny and secret passage looked into. But, in vain. Nothing suspicious was found; and the scare subsided.

In due time the ghost rumor reached Thorle Manton. It came in such an authentic shape that when he heard it a serious look overspread his brow.

"I know the old-time tale concerning one of my dead ancestors," he remarked, with an incredulous smile. "But, that was worse than idle talk. I would give five hundred dollars if I was allowed to watch in the old mansion, if I could get my hands on this ghost. 'Tis my opinion that it would turn out to be that villain, Moses Denby."

For a long time he, and the ever-present Margoun, consulted about the affair; but as young Manton suggested the name of Moses Denby, the East Indian shook his head.

Another week rolled away, and at last came the momentous evening of the grand reception at the Grange.

Manton's prompt and polite note accepting the invitation had pleased Mr. Grayling vastly. His opinion of the young man had changed completely within the last two weeks.

Was it owing to the fact that Thorle Manton was now a wealthy gentleman? Or was it because Thorle Manton's lionine courage and iron arm had stood between him and her he loved, and death?

At all events old Gilbert Grayling was glad that his young neighbor was coming. He imparted the news to his daughter; and he noted well the quick flashing of her eye, and the sudden tingling of her cheek. He knew that she, too, was pleased.

The reception was indeed a grand affair. "All the world" was there. The elite of Shoreville and the surrounding country graced the occasion with their presence. Old Dr. Goodspeed, of course, was present. The fine old gentleman seemed inclined to patronize the greater portion of the company. He certainly took unusual pains to impress every one with whom he came in contact that he was the family physician at the aristocratic Grange.

At an early hour Thorle Manton was ready. He was arrayed faultlessly and richly; he never looked handsomer in his life.

The young man had been anxious for Margoun to go, too, intimating that he could readily secure him an invitation, but the tall, stately Hindoo had respectfully, yet almost haughtily, declined any such efforts in his behalf.

Then Thorle had entered his carriage, and was soon speeding through the dark, half-moonlighted copse toward the Grange.

But that carriage was not the same dilapidated vehicle in which, a short time before, the young man had escorted Grace and Clara to their home. Far from it!

Nor was brawny, broad-shouldered Aleck, now in handsome livery, scarcely to be recognized as the same ragged young fellow who drove the cart, with the broken down steed, to Shoreville on the day of his young master's return to the Lodge.

Margoun was left alone. But he cared not. Seated in the study, he passed the time in smoking, reading, and promenading the room. But as the night deepened, he flung himself into a chair, and leaning back, gave himself up to thought.

Gradually his eyes closed, his hands sunk by his side, and a deep slumber fell upon him.

An hour passed; then another. Still Margoun slept on. But he suddenly awoke at last and glanced toward the window.

A quick, loud snapping, as of an exploded gun-cap, coming from that direction, had awakened him.

A single look and he sprang to his feet. At the window, plainly showing by the light from within, were the shoulders and white, square face of a man. He held in his hand a pistol.

Like lightning Margoun snatched out his own weapon and fired. Then came the sudden, sharp sound of shivering glass. A second, and it was followed by a loud howl of pain, as the white face, which the East Indian knew so well, disappeared from the window.

Margoun sprang forward, and flinging up the sash, looked out.

But the prowler was gone—gone not to be seen again around the old Lodge.

Margoun quietly reloaded his pistol, and resumed his seat, determined to remain up until his friend should return.

Midnight passed; then the early hours of morning came. The East Indian still waited and watched.

It was nearly day when the faint creaking of carriage-wheels echoed in the inclosure at the Lodge. A few moments later Thorle Manton entered the room.

His face was as white as a winding-sheet; he was trembling from head to foot.

"Strange news, Margoun,"—the news at the Grange to-night," he said, in a voice almost sepulchral in tone, as he flung himself into a chair, and almost glared at his dusky companion.

We must return to the Grange.

Thorle Manton was the observed of all observers, and he was most warmly welcomed by Mr. Grayling. When he was presented to the flashing, resplendent new wife, the young man bowed like a courtier over her jeweled hand.

And Mrs. Grayling could not repress a glance of admiration, as her eyes rested upon his manly form.

But that expression gave way to one of bitter envy, as a moment later, she saw him offer his arm to Grace, and saunter away amid the thronging crowd. It was a notable couple; and so many at the Grange on that memorable night thought and said.

As Thorle with his lovely partner was promenading the length of the large, old-fashioned parlor, he almost halted, as all at once, he came face to face with Abner Denby.

That young fellow, so far as attire was concerned, was almost if not quite the peer of Thorle Manton; and the blushing girl who hung fastidiously upon his arm, rivalled Grace Grayling in beauty.

That girl was Clara Dean, and the dark-eyed, red-cheeked maiden never shone so resplendently.

Young Manton passed on with a haughty air, noticing neither Clara nor her escort. But when he was beyond earshot he whispered:

"Do you know that fellow—that white-faced young gentleman, Miss Grayling?"

"Know him?—yes, indeed. And in your ear, Mr. Manton, the right name for him is fellow!"

"Ah! yes, I dare say."

"Why, and she laughed innocently, "that fellow once presumed to make love to me!"

She blushed deeply. She was speaking somewhat impulsively.

"He did, the scound— But his name, Miss Grayling?"

"Abner Denby, lately my father's head-clerk in the business house in New York, now his private secretary. But, Mr. Manton," and still smiling, she pretended to be thinking of something she had forgotten, "it seems to me that I have heard your name connected with Denby's."

Thorle Manton started and frowned.

"Perhaps, Miss Grayling; but that is of the past; let it be buried," he said, rather coldly.

Grace flushed slightly; but in a moment she was happy and cheerful again.

Old Gilbert Grayling was more pompous than ever that memorable night; but, at the same time, he was notably gracious. The old gentleman had trembled somewhat when Thorle Manton was announced; and when he introduced his distinguished guest to his young wife, he closely and anxiously watched her face.

But Thorle Manton betrayed not the least sign of recognition, of surprise or of embarrassment. From his manner, any one would have been satisfied that he and the lady had never before met.

Had the old gentleman, however, glanced for an instant at the face of his new wife, he would have started at the half-startled, telltale expression resting upon it. As it was, he turned away to think.

Very strange! Could they after all, have been together in the road that night? No, it can never be believed. 'Twas a mere coincidence. She was taking a walk, and fled back, fearing my displeasure; that was all."

A pleased, satisfied look came to his face; for he was quite sure that he had solved a problem, which had been annoying him no little of late.

His suspicious, anxious scrutiny was not unnoticed by his wife, who, with a half-defiant toss of her head, was soon as stately and as dignified as ever.

The merry night deepened; the royal banquet was served, and then gay dancers whirled in the giddy mazes.

Thorle Manton had for his partner Grace Grayling. In fact, much to the disgust of the village beaux and country swains, he had monopolized the maiden thus far, and Grace seemed in no wise opposed to that appropriation.

Young Manton, for the second time, frowned this evening, as in the dance he saw as *vis-à-vis* to himself and partner Abner Denby and Clara Dean.

Mr. Grayling looked on in the inspiring scene with condescending eye; but gradually a cold, business-like expression crept over his face. Then he turned to his wife, who stood by his side, erect and haughty, and whispered:

"'Tis nearly midnight, my dear; and yet I have not had a chance to speak to Mr. Manton."

"Mr. Manton!" her cheeks growing a trifle whiter than usual. "And what do you wish to speak with him about, Gilbert?"

"On a little matter of business, Cynthia; you know I am desirous of purchasing the Lodge estate, and adding it—"

"Oh, is that all?" she interrupted, with a relieved look.

"Yes. I wish to have a private conference with him on the subject. But there is no fit room for it, except our chamber. Every other place is—"

"Then go there, of course."

"Yes; and will you kindly order your maid to carry wine, water and glasses there, my love?"

Mrs. Grayling started, a bright, gleaming fire glinted in her eyes; then an expression like iron spread over her face.

"Certainly, Gilbert," and turning to her maid, who, stern and stiff, stood behind her she whispered a few words hastily in her ear.

Florine Flavell was a cold-hearted, stoical woman. But a shiver shook her frame now. However, glancing significantly at her mistress, she bowed low, and glided from the room.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 397.)

## The Hudson Bay Fur Company.

BY MAJOR MAX MARTINE.

## I.

THE history of this stupendous monopoly, which for so many years lived and flourished in North America, and which occupied so large an extent of territory, must be of interest to the general reader, for many reasons.

We venture the prophecy that the ultimate destiny of that territory—rich in farming lands, in game, and precious metals—is annexation to our own government; and the new relationship soon to exist makes it doubly desirable that we should become better acquainted with our neighbors over the border.

About the year 1667, at Edinburgh, there was living, in a dull set of chambers in the Temple, a retired soldier who, having done knightly service for his royal uncle of "sacred memory," was busy with endless chemical experiments, never productive of much good to the world, and rather injurious to his own slender purse. He had always been on the eve of some great discovery, but had never made it; and now his serene highness, Rupert, prince palatine of the Rhine, was fast settling down into being a sort of Mæcenas to every needy adventurer who found his way with a plausible scheme to the further side of Temple Bar.

Rummaging through the dusty tomes of the Temple library, he read how, in 1282, Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler, saw in the tent of the Grand Khan of Tartary furs and sable "brought from the north, from the land of darkness." The idea struck him that, could these furs be got now, what a splendid scheme it would be. Just then he was waited on by a man who had traveled much in North America, and was well acquainted with the wild Indian tribes not far from the shore of Hudson's Bay.

This was M. Grosselieu, a Frenchman, almost as full of schemes as himself, but on this particular occasion occupied with one more than ordinarily feasible. He fired the imagination of the palatine by his pictures of the exceeding abundance of fur-animals on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and the great profit which could be made from them. The result was, that after an experimental trip that proved successful, the influence of Prince Rupert succeeded in forming a joint-stock company of noblemen and gentlemen for the purpose of pursuing the fur trade.

Furthermore, his cousin, the king—for what backhanded *douceur* history does not inform us—granted to this company of "Merchant Adventurers trading with Hudson's Bay" a charter investing them with a monopoly of the furs and lands of all the borders of all the streams flowing into Hudson's Bay, not occupied by the subjects of any Christian prince; and, furthermore, the privilege to make "war and peace with the people not subjects of any Christian prince."

This charter was dated May 2d, 1669. The adventurers gradually extended their enterprise, until, 190 years later, they possessed 155 establishments, in charge of 25 chief factors, 28 chief traders, 152 clerks, and 1,200 other servants, besides having a large number of natives under their control. The trading districts (38 in number) were divided into five departments, and extended over a country nearly as big as Europe, though thinly peopled by some 160,000 natives, Esquimaux, Indians, and half-breeds.

The trading-posts, better known as forts, were built more for use than ornament or protection; yet were capable of standing a protracted siege. They were of all conceivable shapes and sizes, from the little eight by ten log-house to the bastion and palisades; but none of them could lay claim to any architectural beauty.

Their mode of trading with the Indians was peculiar. No money being used, it was an entire system of barter, a "made" or "typical" beaver-skin being the standard of trade. It was in fact the only currency of the country.

Thus, an Indian arriving at one of the company's establishments with a bundle of furs which he intends to sell, proceeds in the first place to the trading-room. There the trader separates the furs into lots, and after adding up the amount, delivers to the Indian a number of little pieces of wood, indicating the number of "made beavers" to which his hunt amounts.

He is then taken to the store-room, where he is himself surrounded by bales of blankets, slop-coats, guns, scaling-knives, tomahawks (all made in Birmingham), powder-horn, flints, axes, etc. Each article has a recognized value in made beavers; a slop-coat, for example, may be worth five made beavers, for which the Indian delivers up twelve of his pieces of wood, for a gun he gives 20; for a knife, 2; and so on, until his stock of wooden cash is expended. At every fort, or at least in every district, there is a tariff established which varies very little year by year.

Indian cannot understand the varying price of furs, and accordingly the company takes the risk of this change, and unless the fall is of long continuance, gives the same price for the fur as formerly when it was high, or vice versa. Therefore, on some furs the company loses, but it compensates itself on others. The Indian need not, however, attempt to beat down the price. The tariff is unchangeable. If he is not pleased, he is at perfect liberty to go somewhere else; and this, combined with the fact that the company sells nothing to the Indians which is not of the best quality of its kind, has gone far to gain the confidence of the natives in them over the American traders.

Sometimes the Indian is introduced, while trading, into a narrow passage, the end of which faces a window like the window of a railway or theater ticket-office, at which he conducts his negotiations with the trader. After finishing he is presented with some trifle in addition to the payment for his furs, and makes room for some one else. The passage is crooked, for the simple reason that experience teaches the trader that the Indian is apt, in a heated bargain, to shoot him from behind.

The class of men who make up this company are as strangely diversified as is the appearance of the forts and store-houses. There is the phlegmatic Teuton; the irascible son of Erin; the fidgety, fun-loving Scotchman; and the easy-going, devil-may-care Yankee from away "down east."

Socially, we were just as peculiar. Living far in the outer world, these exiles derived their notions of the rest of mankind either from books—often of rather an ancient date—from a raw, newly-arrived clerk; from a rare visit to a frontier town; or from some semi-civilized trader, naturalist or sportsman, who had found his way, after long journeyings, to the trader's picketed fort.

They conducted their business much as business was conducted in Charles II's time, and they talked of the world as it was when they entered the company, raw lads, maybe forty or more years before.

Duelling was supposed to be the "correct

thing among gentlemen," and at the slightest provocation it was thought quite indispensable to a gentleman's honor to call out another gentleman with whom the challenger had lived on terms of intimacy for many years, and must perform live in amity or enmity for a good number yet.

Many of the company's officers were accomplished gentlemen and good scholars. My first acquaintance with Tasse and Dante in the original was from a Highland gentleman, who was the trader in charge of a far northern fort where I was then stationed, and I have met others whom it would be difficult to puzzle in the more familiar Greek or Latin classics, and were equally acquainted with Shakespeare, Byron and Tennyson.

When a young clerk came on, a wife was out of the question; that is, as a *companion de voyage*; and thus it most always happened, that when he was able to marry, he was thousands of miles from the women of his own race, or from civilization of any sort. The same was true of the early pioneers all over the American continent, few of them caring to take wives with them, but preferring, for a time at least, to push their fortune alone.

A long-continued absence from home, and a familiarity with the race around them, soon broke the ties which once bound them to the women of their country, and consequently many of them took wives from among the daughters of the soil. The Hudson's Bay Company encouraged this mating with the Indian races among their officers and men, in order to retain their employees, and consolidate the company by bonds of friendship and relationship between all their factors, traders, and servants generally.

Between the husbands and wives, there could of course be little sympathy. The uncivilized wife clung to her customs and people, while her husband treated her not as an equal but an inferior. However, in course of time there grew up a number of half-breed girls, tolerably well educated, very intelligent, and no way deficient in beauty. Indeed I do not need to say, for I have seen a really ugly half-breed girl; for, if she had irregular features, the magnificent black eyes, brunette complexion and raven locks, always gave her peculiar attractions. Add to this a handsome figure, lithe and graceful, and that peculiar originality belonging to the half-breed, and it is not much wonder that she should charm the young officer out of the recollection of the fair-haired girl he left behind him.

At most of the large central posts were schools, and at Victoria and Red River the company supported good establishments for the education of the children of the company's gentlemen servants. Many of the wealthier officers, who were solicitous of a better education for their children, even sent them to England; and on the roll of more than one English university are inscribed the names of half-breed graduates.

When a young trader first unites himself to an Indian woman of whole-blood, he hardly counts upon a family, and imagines that he can easily break off a marriage, the only ceremony connected with which consists of taking to himself "some savage woman." But he is mistaken, and when the time which he has fixed for leaving the Indian country arrives, he finds that the faithful companion of so many years cannot be easily shaken off. Children have grown up around him, the natural affection of the father prevails, and he despises the laws of civilized society; each succeeding year weakens the recollection of home, and, in most cases, the temporary *liaison* ends in a permanent union.

Those so circumstanced on quitting the company, bring their families to Canada, Red River, Willamette Valley in Oregon, or Vancouver Island, where they purchase lands, on which they live in a kind of half-Indian, half-civilized fashion; constantly smoking their pipes, and eternally growling at the dissipation of the new-comers, the settlers around them. The girls generally turn out pretty well, but the boys are inclined to pick up all the bad qualities of civilization, but few of the good ones.

The rivalry between the Hudson Bay Company and the North-west or American Company, which resulted in many conflicts, in which numbers were killed on both sides—a rivalry out of which grew no small animosities, and many and bitter were the quarrels whenever they happened to meet.

The usual methods of transportation used by the company to convey their furs and supplies were the ox-cart, the dog-sledge, and, where neither of these was practicable, upon the backs of half-breed or Canadian *voyageurs*. The dog-sledges consisted of only a single half-inch white-oak board, scarcely twenty inches wide and from ten to twenty feet in length, with the front end curled up, similar to the runner of an Eastern cutter, and fastened in that position by thongs of buck-skin. Cleats or bars, an inch or so square, and perhaps two feet apart, are fastened to the board by leather strings. In fact, there is no iron used in their construction. The thongs are drawn through gimlet-holes in the board and wrapped tightly around the bars. Then a long string passed under each end of the cross-bars the entire length of the sled. To these long strings were tied the ends of the lashings, which secured the freight as tightly as possible.

Usually, four dogs are used to a sled, and each team can draw about five hundred pounds. After breakfast, neither the dogs nor drivers eat anything again until they stop for the night, when they all make a supper of pemmican. Their allowance is the same as the drivers', being about a pound and a half at a meal; and on this they will travel from sixty to ninety miles a day.

The drivers generally hold on to long ropes attached to the rear end of their respective sleds, whereby they are enabled to run or glide upon snow-shoes as fast as the dogs travel, from morning to night.

The dogs are supposed to be a cross between the Esquimaux, the Newfoundland, the wolf, and the common Indian cur; but it is difficult to determine which breed predominates. Some of them are half-breed, and some full-blooded wolves, which make the best leaders, as in certain respects the tamed wolf is more servicable than the dog. Whatever the breed or origin of the sled-dogs, they are very unlike the race domesticated in our abodes of civilization. They are generally larger and stronger, capable of performing the labor of horses and cattle, where and when the latter would perish with hunger and cold. They seem particularly adapted for endurance and privation; and in the Northern wilds they are what the camel is in the burning deserts of the torrid zone. In the summer, when the sled-dogs have no work to perform, their owners sometimes put them out to board with contractors, who feed them on bad fish.

A dog-hotel is one of the curiosities of Selkirk Colony, and the rules and regulations for the control of the wretched canines, would serve as a model government in some of our great seminaries of learning.

## The Holidays.

HOW MUCH CHRISTMAS PRESENTS COST.—HOW MANY CAN BE MADE WITHOUT MONEY.

We have intimated that Christmas gifts may be given at a cost of ten cents apiece; and though we doubt if there are many grown individuals who will really have to restrict themselves to this minimum, yet we assure such as there may be, and the children who have saved but little money, that this may be done. At a cost of twenty-five cents apiece, very nice presents may be given, and really handsome ones for fifty. Of course where you allow a certain amount, say three dollars for six presents, some may cost a trifle under fifty cents and the others that much over fifty cents, and so the gifts graded in value according to the recipient, without exceeding the limit set as the cost of the whole. In making presents we must first consider what we can conjure from present resources, without any expenditure of money; and, when one comes to think of it, such gifts may be really numerous. Are there no stockings that may be cut over for poor little cousins? No discarded cloaks, nor dresses, nor underwear that can be made over to fill a Christmas box that shall carry great joy to the hearts of some family of distant struggling relatives? Are there no shoes, nor warm, comfortable shawls, nor bonnets that with bits of millinery you have laid by and deft fingers you can retrim and send along? Then for the children and the dear ones at home what can you make out of present possessions? If there are any bright balls of woolen yarn in the house, or odd scraps of worsted, and one of the family, who knows how to use the old-fashioned steel knitting-needles, the most delightful reins and balls can be fashioned for little boys and girls. Knit the reins, like a garter, from two to three yards long, and join firmly; then knit and join to the reins a short strap to cross the breast, and to this sew little bells that you can buy for a few pennies at a toy-shop. To make balls, knit three or four toy-pieces the shape of quarters of orange-peel; overhand these firmly together, having stuffed into perfect ball-shape with cotton, wool, or bits of raveled yarn. Reins and balls can also be crocheted. Gay bits of velvet and silks may be made into pretty pocket-punchions. Cut two bits of stiff card-board into the shape of a little circle, square, diamond, triangle, heart, fish, jockey-cap or boot. Cover each neatly with velvet or silk, catching the edges of the fabric across and across on the wrong side of the board until it is held firmly and smoothly in place on the right side, and overhand with sewing-silk, the two pieces together. Fill the edges with white or black pins. The sides may be ornamented, if one chooses, with pretty scrap-pictures. One of these inexpensive gifts will delight the heart of many an elderly lady; and gentlemen of all ages like them. All sorts of odds and ends may be used up in fashioning bewitching dolls' clothes for smaller sisters, and pieces left over from silk dresses, especially black or dark ones, will make as nice ties for the gentlemen as cost one and two dollars at the shops; get out some of the abandoned ties and rip them up and use the old foundations, and you will be able to exactly reproduce the bought ones. Bits of linen or figured cambric, muslin for lining, a little machine work, and a trial of your skill at laundrying, will furnish sisters and brothers with nice collars and cuffs for school wear. A strip of white suise or organdy, three or four inches wide, and several lengths of a yard long, neatly hemmed, with some thread or valenciennes lace filled upon the ends, makes the fashionable lady's tie for winter.

Bring out the roll of heavy cloths, and select some thick, plain black, or any dark solid shade; cut a circular piece, the size of a teaplate; fringe it one inch deep, by fine slashings with sharp scissors; cut a second piece of the cloth, to just fit within the uncut part of the first, and finish the edge of this second piece in five or more shallow scallops; fasten the second piece upon the first with buttonhole stitches of pale-blue floss silk, wide apart; cut bits of navy-blue flannel oval at one end, pointed at the other, and fasten upon the cloth, one in each scallop, with buttonhole stitches of the same floss, and work some fancy stitch on each strip; the oval ends of the flannel should not come quite out to the scallop, nor the pointed ends quite meet. The colors may be changed according to taste, and these handsome mats be given for use for lamps or pianos. An old straw round hat, cut down a trifle, may be trimmed around the outer edge with plaiting of gay ribbon, and ribbon strings added; fill this with dry-mosses, gathered in the woods, and arrange full of grasses, dried berries, pressed ferns and leaves, and you have a beautiful ornament for a chandelier. Foundations of red flannel, covered with suisse muslin, with double-ruffles about the edge, make very showy bureau and washstand mats.

Bits of white lace and net cut in the shape of socks may be given to the children to overhand together with gay wools; and filled with candies, raisins, and nuts, for their younger sisters and brothers; and even older persons will appreciate this little gift made and given by a child. Bits of black velvet, or cloth, may be cut in the shape of butterfly-wings; seamed together with a thick cord of gay, light-colored silk between. Cover the silk with tiny dot-stitches of white floss, and black ones for eyes; buttonhole stitch the wings around, embroider with gay silks; line under with flannel leaves. Or cut black cloth in the shape of a glove, put three rows of stitching upon it, add a gauntlet pinked and stitched round the edge, and fasten the gauntlet with cords and tassels of the sewing-silk tied in a bow; fill the gauntlet with flannel. Or fasten together three circular bits of cloth, each smaller than the other, and each edged round with tiny round wafers of gay silks and velvets, overlapping each other like fish-scales; finish in the center with little bow of ribbon. Any one of these pen-wipers will please your gentlemen friends who are compelled to use pens and ink often.

Upon these hints of what may be manufactured, without expense, from materials already within the house, we are sure our readers can largely improve, and so make many pleasing gifts without once feeling the "hard times." And you may be sure that your gifts will afford as much pleasure to your friends as if you bought them. Often have I heard persons say: "Why, I should have valued a ten-cent paper of pins from So-and-so, just to feel that she had thought of me." The secret of giving gifts, is the happy feeling that you give your friends when you prove that they have been in your thoughts.





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## Sunshine Papers.

## A Talk to Talkers.

THERE is an art in which all individuals of sound faculties should constantly seek to perfect themselves. It is an art that gains people's admiration and respect; gives pleasure to associates; refines and elevates one's self and all those with whom one comes in contact; is acquired without neglect of any other pursuit, and may be mastered completely and easily by every man and woman of ordinary intelligence. This most desirable art, is the art of *talk* correctly. To speak pure, elegant, concise, grammatical English is one of the greatest charms that men and women can possess; and—if we may be permitted to repeat—it is a charming art completely and easily within the reach of every individual, poor and rich, alike. Yet strangely enough, in the ordinary walks of life, it is the exception rather than the rule

to meet persons of perfectly correct diction. Popular lecturers, orators, and clergymen, often make most absurd mistakes in the pronunciation of words and the construction of sentences. Business men, and clerks, and school-children, and the young women and mothers at home, all mar their speech with inelegancies, and interjections, and grammatical inaccuracies. We have heard men and women who ought to know better, and who do know better, from simple carelessness, talk most inelegantly; and young ladies who have had every advantage for study use such shamefully incorrect language that strangers listening to it could scarcely fail to set them down as quite uneducated. Fathers and mothers, who should aim to make refined and careful conversation one of the elevating and healthful influences of the home-life of their children, frequently seem utterly regardless of purity of expression and orthodoxy; and even children daily attending school, and daily reciting a lesson in grammar, make the most barbarous mistakes in the use of language.

There is no excuse for this prevalence of conversational imperfection, for schools are numerous, and free, and the hours are neither irksome nor inconvenient; the child of the poorest parents, in town or country, may spend a few years, or a few months of each year, at school acquiring the rudiments of a sound education; and these foundations of learning gained it is perfectly and even easily possible for those who are so disposed to improve themselves day by day, a life-time through, without further aid from masters.

Yet we think this popular defect may be accounted for in several ways; the flood of cheap, exciting literature that pervades the country, poisons the purity of the language of many young persons by familiarizing them with vulgar words, profane expressions, and the low and incorrect language put in the mouths of the characters that figure in the plots.

Then, too, within a few years past our language has been deluged with a rapid increase of slang and oddly idiomatic sentences. Moreover, a certain class of young men and women, in affecting a fast or foreign style, have fallen into the way of using numerous interjections and absurd repetitions. And, lastly, careless habits, rather than real ignorance, are accountable for many of even the worst mistakes we hear. It is so easy, unless one is watchful of their words, to fall into errors that are common to those about us. We repeat, however, that there is no excuse for those who have had the advantage of a fair education, or, indeed, for those persons who by some combination of fortuitous circumstances have been denied any opportunities for study, not using correct language. Persons who cannot repeat a single arbitrary rule from any grammar, may yet, by the use of a little common sense and attention to the conversation of those of their acquaintances who do speak well, soon acquire a proper use of words and sentences.

There are few men and women of such dull comprehension that they do not know when they use vulgarisms—sentences, expressions, and names, never used by modest and refined people; these disgusting errors, then, by self-watchfulness, may be completely conquered. Slang, too, is not liable to be mistaken for pure and right English by any persons of moderate intellect, and the use of it should be studiously avoided.

Frequent use of interjections should be corrected, and all such sentences as "please your honor," "don't you know," "you know," "I guess so," "I reckon," and by-words should be left unuttered.

Of very frequent occurrence are such horrible sentences as—"Ain't you going to stay with us?" "Aren't you coming here?" for "Isn't he coming here?" "Ain't I to have that book?" for "Am I not to have that book?" Any person possessed of ever so small an amount of common sense must see that *ain't* cannot stand for *are not*, *am not*, and *is not*; and that it is an incorrect corruption to use for any one of those expressions. *Ain't*, *isn't*, *doesn't*, *can't*, *shan't*, *mustn't*, etc., are admissible ways for shortening negative forms of verbs in ordinary conversation; but even the use of these is avoided as much as possible by good speakers.

Often we hear *don't* used indiscriminately for *does not* and *do not*; *won't* for *would not* and *will not*; errors easily righted by a moment's thought. *Hain't*, *tain't*, *his'n*, *your'n*, *their'n*, *our'n*, *one's*, *aren't*, *mayn't*, *more'n*, are all extremely improper words. Then there are persons who say *git* for *get*, *set* for *sat*, *kin* for *can*, *set* for *sit*, *lay* for *lie*, *done* for *do*, *across* for *across*, *knowed* for *knew*, *drownded* for *drowned*, *drawed* for *drew*, *seen* for *saw*, *ris* for *rose*, from mere carelessness; and so many refined ears beyond expression by a habit that may be speedily corrected by the exercise of a little patience and resolution.

Persons frequently forget that one of two things cannot be best; there must be three, or more, things among which to choose a best one; so in speaking of two articles, or persons, be careful to say "I like the red flag the better," or "I like Sarah the better;" also when you use *neither* or *not* in a sentence, do not forget that *neither* is not of or must follow, as "Neither Jennie nor May are coming." "I cannot sing now play." You cannot use *between* in regard to more than two objects, but *among* refers to three or more.

Another common mistake is the use of adjectives to qualify verbs, when adverbs, only, are correct. It is a frequent but ugly error to say "A person sings beautiful," "dances nice," "behaves sweet;" instead of beautifully, nicely, sweetly.

Many persons make shameful blunders in the pronunciation of the most common names and words. Mary is not *Merry*, but *Mary*; and Sarah is not *Sary*. Words terminating in *ment* are pronounced that way, and not *mun't*; and words ending in *ing* are not *in'*, nor are words ending in *ure*, *chure*. *Rinse* is not *rene*; nor *sparagus*, *sparrowgrass*; nor *muskmelon*, *muskmelon*; nor *sauage*, *sauage*; nor *vegetables*, *sass*; nor *homely*, *humblly*; nor *engine*, *ingine*; nor *kettle*, *kittie*; nor *fellow*, *feller*; nor *for*, *fur*; nor *boil*, *bie*; nor *bristles*, *bristles*. Words commencing with a *v* are not pronounced as if spelled with a *v*.

A lady who moves in excellent and educated society told me, lately, that she attempted to use the word *quoit* before her clergyman, and suddenly became conscious that she did not know how to pronounce it. If every family would keep a dictionary—if even a tiny one—upon the table in the room most used, and refer to it concerning every word that they are doubtful as to how to pronounce, such awkwardnesses would soon be corrected.

If you cannot cure yourself of mistakes otherwise, ask your friends to remind you of every inelegancy, slang, mispronunciation, and grammatical inaccuracy you use, and immediately repeat the offending sentence in pure, chaste English. And let every young man and young woman, and every elderly man and elderly woman, seek to speak the English language faultlessly.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## What We Do Not Make Heroes of.

THE other day I took up a story by Thos. Bailey Aldrich, in which I found a little plot for an essay. The author was relating the adventures of a boy who came near losing his life by the explosion of a barrel, under which some powder had been placed, to celebrate the "glorious Fourth of July." He writes: "I recovered sufficiently from my injuries to attend school, where for a little while I was looked upon as a hero on account of being blown up;" then he quietly asks: "What don't we make a hero of?"

We don't make heroes of a great many persons whom we should. We don't make them of persons who, day after day, month after month, and year after year, are confined to their sick rooms with incurable diseases, but who bear their burdens cheerfully, hopefully and with Christian resignation, never murmuring or repining let the pain be ever so acute. Yet there is real heroism in this resignation; it requires true heroism to bear sickness without complaining, and yet we don't make heroes of them!

We don't make heroes of those parents who are slighted and churlishly treated by their children, and who yet continue to do their duty by them, forgetting the slights and forgiving the neglect, loving those who give no love in return, working their lives out for others' comfort, never tiring with doing good—though repaid so miserably; never weary, and only dying when thoroughly worn out. Does it not require courage and heroism to give a kiss for a blow? How few of us can bring ourselves to do that; it is heroic, yet we don't make heroes of those whose self-sacrifice is so ceaseless—whose devotion is so unselfish.

We don't make heroes of those who go from door to door inquiring into the welfare of their neighbors, leaving words of cheer here, carrying sunshine there, spreading comfort all around, giving what little they have to spare in the way of money—almost too little to be noticed save by the eye of the Omnipotent. Perhaps if the amount were millions it might look large to the eye of the world but not to God's. We might think it heroic to give away millions, but there is generally more heroism in those who give away the little sums. Those who give millions can well afford it; they feel no deprivation nor stint themselves on that account, and yet we make heroes of them; but for those who have little to give, and for what they give they must deprive themselves of comforts and necessities, we have no record. It requires much heroism to go without needed articles in order to give to others more needy, but who, ever thought of making heroes of them?

We don't make heroes of the hardy workers of the world who delve in the earth, who sail on the sea, or who keep the wheels of life turning smoothly; of the thousands who are toiling and are more fit to be in their beds at rest than wearing out hands and brain, and doing so because they desire to keep their loved ones from starvation. Oh, could these workers lives but be published we should see who the real heroes and heroines of the world are; how bright would their deeds shine and how near akin to saints would many of them appear; but now we merely say—"do we always feel the words we utter?" "God pity the poor." *God does* pity them, and it is His pity and strength that supports them and encourages them to strive on.

We don't make heroes of the brave lads who are thirsting for knowledge, but who are obliged to leave college, academy or school to carve their own way by mental labor. To have a thorough education has been the ambition of these lads' lives, and it requires great heroism to give up one's ambition and the hopes that intelligence always inspires. It seems to me that they deserve more credit than they receive; their examples should serve as models to others. It is better and nobler to struggle on without repining than to sit on the highway and weep because things have turned out differently from what we expected, or because we cannot have our own way in everything.

Don't think to find all your heroes among those whose words and deeds are trumpeted abroad. Seek for them among the humblest classes, in the toiling million. Ah, there are many true heroes dwelling "far from the maddening crowd" whose deeds are not penned by earthly hands, but who have their record written Above in the great book of life. EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

## Henry Hudson.

THIS renowned discoverer of the Hudson river was born in the city of Amsterdam, though his parents were Dutch. He spoke the Dutch language with great fluency. His enemies always accused him of belonging to the low Dutch; on such occasions he would get his Dutch up high and proceed to show that he was High Dutch in a worthy manner.

The greatest part of his life was spent as a sea-captain on the blue waters of the Holland canals, making stormy voyages between Amsterdam and Rotterdam. (I touch these last syllables lightly for fear I might have some readers who do not belong to church.)

His famous canal-boat, from its resemblance to the crescent, was named the Half Moon. It was low amidships and high at the bow and stern, modeled after a Holland shoe.

He was looked upon as an able navigator by everybody of that country, and never humbled himself to anything but a low bridge.

When he would approach a town the people were aroused by the terrific toots of his horn, and they would exclaim—"Ich du leifer! Here comes dot Heinrich Hudson again any more," and they would go down to welcome him into the harbor, and there was not one of them too proud to refuse to take a glass of lager with him at his expense. He always had plenty of it in the hold. He had a faint idea that it was made to drink, and looked upon it when it was red; it was always ready. As he was nearly as tall as he was wide, he had an endless capacity for stowage, and people used to remark on gazing at his proportions, "Dot was a trafficking beer-cellar."

His face was jolly and round, and on his head, which was as bald as a hotel clothes-brush, he wore a peaked hat to resemble a beer-funnel. The most prominent and constant feature on his face was a short-handled clay pipe whose vestal fire never went down, so that when people saw his gallant craft going by they imagined it was a steamboat.

One day Henry sat on deck asleep during a dead-calm, while the mules were feeding and the Half Moon lay at anchor, and dreamed of a river of lager beer in the lately-discovered New World, with the banks lined with pretzel-trees. He took a sudden notion to go and discover it for the benefit of the people who lived in New York, and when he was awakened by

a jerk on the tow-line, he told his dream to the crew and got them to consent to go with him.

He provisioned the Half Moon for a year's voyage with lager beer, pretzels, Holland gin and Limberger cheese, Rhine wine and switzer cheese, Scheid—in schnaps and sour krout, and set sail.

But a mutiny arose among the crew at the start. They said they did not mind to cross the ocean, but they did not want to get out of sight of the shore. They looked out to the western horizon and said there was no land, certainly, in that direction, and if they went out to that verge they would slip off. Altogether they preferred to go by land. They knew there was nothing beyond the horizon because they saw the sun go down behind it; besides, it looked too wet over there, and they said a storm might strike the Half Moon and make a full moon of it, or break it in two and make it a quarter-moon.

It took all the persuasion and lager at his command to induce the crew to give up their fears; they said they would rather give up anything else, but they kept on under protest and a full head of sail.

Day after day did the doughty navigator sit on the stern of his vessel, smoking his pipe, and taking in lager beer for ballast; day after day the sun rose and the lager went down, and ever his eagle eye was bent forward anxiously looking for land.

The crew got uneasy and the old salt himself would have given a thousand dollars an acre for the poorest land he could get to see.

The sailors declared that the other side of the sea had all been washed away.

As time went on fast and the Half Moon went on slow, even Heinrich himself began to wonder if he hadn't crossed the river he was hunting, in the night, without discovering it; but he said he wouldn't give out till the lager did, and when any of the crew threatened to leave and go back, he would say: "Go West, young man, and grow mit the country oop."

Days passed away like a barrel of pretzels and their spirits went down with the Holland gin. The prospect of ever going to any place except the skies was saddening.

Henry did not really care so much for the land as he did for the river, and he smoked his thoughtful pipe in silence and doubt.

But, one day a cry of "land" roused up Henry from a melancholy doze on deck, and everybody was so overjoyed that they took three glasses apiece—spy-glasses, of course—to be sure they were right; and before night the little Half Moon entered New York Bay without being boarded by a custom-house officer, and discovered the river which had been waiting so long to be discovered.

Henry was welcomed on Manhattan Island by the savages with a speech, replete with friendship, but it was not printed in the morning papers. The compliment was returned in the loftiest Dutch which Henry could command, and then he treated, and everybody got—what was expected. This was the first drunk on the island, and it is occasionally celebrated there, to this day.

Hudson afterward sailed up the river in the direction of Albany, but couldn't find the town, and returned and established a brewery on Manhattan Island, from which rivers of beer flowed, soothing the gentle savage breast. He served as alderman for some years and afterward went back to Holland, which he found to be still occupied by the Dutch.

The question naturally arises, if he had not discovered the Hudson river how would the people of New York do without it? Let us draw a veil over the question, and leave the answer to scientific men. He left it when he went back. This river prevents Jersey City from encroaching on New York.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

Governor Vance, of North Carolina, attributes the destruction of the pure agricultural fair system to horse-racing, three-card monte and prize candy.

The baa constrictor in the New York Aquarium lately gave birth to fifty small boas, an occurrence without a precedent in this country. The mother is thirteen feet, and her young are about two feet in length.

At the Paris Exhibition there will be given for agricultural and industrial products, collectively, 100 grand prizes, 1,000 gold medals, 4,000 silver, 8,000 bronze, and 8,000 "honorable mentions." The sum devoted to defray the expense of awards is \$300,000. It is to be hoped no row or revolution will break up the great exposition.

Skeptics who insist that the forty days' fast in the wilderness was a physical impossibility will not be prepared to believe that Dr. Tanner, of Minneapolis, Minn., has lived on water for forty-two days. He states that he was anxious to prove that human life could be prolonged without the use of any nourishment whatever, and began his fast under the eyes of an associate physician, who examined him frequently and kept a record of all the symptoms. For forty-two days he remained without food, taking a walk every day in the open air, and a swallow of water whenever inclination prompted. On the fortieth day he walked out to Lake Cedar and drank too much cold water, in consequence of which the action of his heart was weakened so that not the faintest trace of pulsation could be discovered at the wrist. These symptoms soon disappeared, and on the last day of his fast, although he had lost eighteen pounds in weight, he felt so strong and well that he was confident he could hold out for two weeks longer. On returning to his feed he ate sparingly at first, but soon had to blunt the edge of an enormous appetite. Whereunto, and unto much more of life import, he is willing to make oath and affix his seal.

Ex-Senator Chandler had something wise to say about farming as well as something significant about politics, when he addressed his neighbors at his farm in Michigan not long ago. He declared that farming was not only the oldest but most respectable occupation known to man. "If I had a boy-to-day," he exclaimed, "I would rather put him on an eighty-acre lot that had never had a plow or ax upon it, than place him in the best Government office in the land!" Agricultural papers will please copy that remark, and farmers' lads, who are growing up dissatisfied with country life and who cannot overcome a restless desire to go to a city and enter a profession will do well to remember it. "Make your homes pleasant," continued the ex-senator. "Make them so attractive that your sons and daughters will love their homes better than any other place on God's earth. Make this business of farming so agreeable that your sons will see that it is the most healthful and profitable occupation in which they can engage. Build good houses and buy good implements. Don't get an old cracked cook-stove, but put in a good range. In fact, have every convenience that you can, so that your wives and daughters will deem it a pleasure to perform their household work. In this way you can bring up your sons and daughters on the farm; but when you make the home repulsive, you drive them into clerkships and other menial positions, when they ought to be God's anointed lords of creation." These are plain words, but they are crammed with hard sense.

## Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Agnes Rowan," "Acrostic," "The Old and the New Year," "Tired of Being," "Speak Not the Lie," "Mrs. Dady's Surprise," "The Loss of the Good-Heart," "Over the Century," "Weep Not for Him," "The Spenser," "Morris or Harris," "A Novel Speculation."

Accepted: "Farmer Brown's New Year," "The Senechal," "Jane Shore," "The Jolly Old Fellow," "Adieu," "Irish Lullaby," "A Pen Tragic," "Sweet Spirit, Come," "Dora," "The Second," "Maidie Did," "The Poppy Dream," "A New Way to Conquer," "In Clover."

E. E. D. We hope you never will find what you seek.

LOVE. See articles on "The Holidays," now appearing in this paper.

M. J. A. Poem rather trite. The same idea has been poetized innumerable times.

LILLING S. Poem fine. Tersely, expressive, complete. We say thanks for such offerings, for they merit it.

JACK FROST. Have answered your query many times. Ask any druggist for a wash of sulphate of zinc.

ENTOMIA. Of the several systems of phonography Pitman's and Munson's are most in use. Obtain their books through D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ERINACE. No reason whatever why you should not color your own ribbons and garments and thus save the expense and outrageous charges of the dyers. See the Dime Housewife's Manual for all kinds of recipes for house use.

HENRIETTA N. The calls lily flowers but once, though three or four bulbs in a bunch will have as many flowers. The flower is really not a flower but a leaf on the end of a seed-stalk. Water the pot very freely. The soil is a great detriment.

JOHNIE THE YOUNGER. Dime Dialogues No. 20 contains several such pieces as you ask for—"just the thing for a boys' exhibition." We know of no set of standard dramas adapted to schools. They cannot be adapted to such uses, demanding as they do a stage, stage scenery and accessories, costumes, etc., etc.

OLD SUN, Atlanta. You can well afford to wait, for both are young. No woman is a woman in fact and feeling and judgment until she is twenty. The parents very properly object to your attentions. Wait for three years, at least, for your own and other best interests. Your writing and spelling both demand study and practice.

D. G. M. Have forwarded your complaint to the Magnetic Watch Company. We of course know nothing about the matter. While we do not knowingly insert the advertisements of irresponsible parties, we cannot and do not intend to create any advertiser. Readers must be their own judges as to the propriety of sending money to any advertiser.

TRENT'S P. The winter banking up of celery in the garden rows is a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Lift all the plants now. Make a pit, twenty inches deep. Put the plants in it, roots down, closely packed side by side, standing in rows about three inches apart—just enough to put a thin wall of earth between each row. Fill up the pit close to top of plants. Then cover with boards snugly, and as the cold strengthens, cover over the boards with earth. When any celery is wanted, dig into the pit and it will be found fine, crisp and easily removed.

"WAGER." You have lost your bet. The quotation, "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave," is not from Shakespeare, but your friend is in error as well, for the words are from the Bible. We do not approve of bets, but if you wish to pay yours, think of some prettily gift for your partner; for the gentleman, he will value the present more if it is the work of your hands, and many tasteful articles may be made for two dollars—a handkerchief or glove-receiver, a collar-box, cuff-box, set of ties, traveling strap, etc.

MAIME D. T. Buttermilk is a most dirty and disagreeable cosmetic to use, and we never saw a person benefited by it. If the freckles are very large and dark use niter and glycerine; niter is powerful saltpetre. Moisten your face with the glycerine, and with a fine brush apply the powder to the spots. Small freckles we would advise you not to meddle with. Most of the washes and cosmetics sold by druggists injure the complexion far more than they improve it. Plenty of air, sunshine, exercise and cold water, with a careful use of the face, will give you a nice skin than all the lotions you can buy.

MOLLIE J. S. Never write to a gentleman when you are ashamed to have your best friend know of it; he surely is not a person fit for your acquaintance. Girls should be careful not to give their names much respect, to allow any man to seek or continue their acquaintance surreptitiously. You may think there is "some fun" in such things, now; but there will, inevitably, come a time when you will regret that you had not always been a truly high-minded, dignified young lady. A good rule for every young girl to adopt is never to write to a man that she would be ashamed for her mother and father to know.

DOCTOR JOHN. Prof. Asaph Hall's address is Washington Observatory, Washington, D. C.—The two moons of Mars are only to be seen when the earth and Mars are nearest in their orbits, and then only can be detected by the most powerful refractors. For the good reason that the satellites are very small—about ten and twenty miles in diameter, only—mere specks to the astronomer. They are not only curious but exceedingly interesting phenomena, never appearing in the same position and proving conclusively that we really know but little of the facts that govern planetary and axial motion. We know of no better publication for your use than the *Popular Science Monthly*.

ADRIAN. If you promised the bracelet under certain stipulations you may wait until the lady announces that they are fulfilled; then you must in honor redeem your promise. The lady should have no hesitancy in asking for the bracelet, and in writing a letter, telling you when and how she carried out your wishes. About the visit let her brother arrange the matter in his own way; that will probably be the most agreeable to all. The restrictions which the "usages of good society" impose on ladies will not prevent her co-operation with her brother in carrying out the plan for a good time during the holidays. The poem is very well timed and will be used. You write a neat, graceful hand.

JENNIE S. M. To make a handsome lamp-shade, quite as soft in the light it produces, and far more beautiful in effect than the ordinary shade, you need a fine stiff quality of drawing-paper; you can cut it and join it, so that it will exactly fit upon the frame used for the chandelier or pendant lamps or argand burners. Having joined neatly and firmly, as three, or four, equal distances arrange a bouquet of small, pressed ferns and leaves, with one or two but-terflies (such as are used for book covers) and arrange as deep in hue as possible and the leaves very brilliant; if varnished, after they are glued in place, they will retain their color better. Cover with fine, satin-finished white paper, or thin white lining silk, or fine white net, and bind with white or gilt paper at top or bottom; the effect, over a light lamp, is delightful. If you wish to make a transparent shade get two thin sheets of glass—the same size and glue fine white oregandy upon one side of each. Upon one piece of oregandy arrange your ferns and leaves, and lay the other piece of oregandy upon it. Bind the two glasses firmly together with ribbon and glue, and add a loop to hang it from the window frame. The effect is that of ground glass.

ELLA GEARY writes: "Will you please tell me if it is proper to send written invitations to my friends to call on you New Year Day? If so, what is the form? Should one set a table, and what are the proper things to eat? Will you tell me, who will make a pretty suit for New Year, for a tall, plump, fair girl; it must not cost over a hundred dollars?" Ladies send out New Year invitations, but printed or engraved ones are the most expensive; pretty printed ones are now gotten up by stationers at one or two dollars a hundred. Some ladies use their own writing-card, adding all that is necessary in writing. If more than one lady receives, the name of each should be upon the card. The form is:

Miss Ella Geary

At Home

Jan. 1st, 1878.

855—street,

This is inclosed in a plain envelope, and addressed to those whose visits you desire. It is not considered most stylish to set no table. The next favorite plan is to offer only cake (two kinds) and some beverage—wine, lemonade, or coffee. A table may be filled as you fancy—pickled oysters, boned turkey, salads, sandwiches, cakes, jellies, charlotte russe, bouillons, fruit, lemonade and coffee are about the usual articles; liquors are almost entirely banished, now, for callers, and that is a sensible innovation upon the olden customs. A salmon-colored silk, handsewnly made and trimmed with garlands of roses shading to deepest red, is a very elegant dress and will do nicely for a party-dress; but if you wish a more serviceable dress, black silk and black velvet combined, and lightened with floral garnitures, will be quite as dressy as need be; also any of the dark new shades of silk, made up for a street suit, may be rendered quite gay enough for the occasion by adding light ribbons to it, or long vines of roses or any bright flowers.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



STAR OF MY SOUL.  
A LOVE SONG.

BY EREN E. REKFOR.

Star of my soul, shine on me in thy splendor,  
Lean o'er thy casement a rose-encircled bar;  
My Heaven is in thine eyes, so tender,  
My soul is like a sea, and thou its star.  
The ocean mirrors in its tranquil bosom  
A world of stars, but I have only thee,  
Oh, radiant face, beam on me like a blossom,  
The one sweet blossom of the world to me.  
Star of my soul, oh, sweet, fair star,  
The wind sings at thy casement bar;  
My heart is singing at thy feet,  
And all the world, because of thee, is sweet.

Star of my soul, if I might climb and kiss thee,  
With my heart's passion brimming on my mouth,  
Thenceforth in absent moments thou wouldst  
Mingle with me,  
As roses mix the sweet wind from the south,  
And then I know that I might win and wear thee  
Forevermore upon my faithful heart;  
If thou couldst only know the love I bear thee,  
Not death nor fate could keep our souls apart.  
Star of my soul, oh, sweet, fair star,  
The wind sings at thy casement bar;  
My heart is singing at thy feet,  
And all the world, because of thee, is sweet.

## A Woman's Scorn.

BY LUCILLE HOLLES.

It was a dainty envelope—the palest shade of green, monogrammed in deeper green, and faintly perfumed, and superscribed in a fine, womanish hand—that Finley Arbuthnot toyed with, as he sat at his late breakfast opposite his lady mother.

"Well, Finley, that envelope seems to hold a special fascination for you. Of course, you know that you may be excused if you desire to open it."

"Thanks, mother; but there is no reason why I should honor this communication beyond any that I receive. I prefer to make business await its appointed hour. I was only speculating concerning the theory that chirography is indicative of character, and assuming the theory correct, for the nonce, wondering how nearly right I am in my interpretation of the character herein prefigured."

"May I see it a minute? Thank you. Now tell me what you read here."

"Considerable talent, hardly genius, I think, and an equal amount of vanity. Pride without power, passion without depth, purpose without will, decided indications of weakness and indecision. Am I right, think you?"

"Not as I should have read, but I doubt if you are not slightly influenced by personal knowledge of the writer."

"Possibly! I certainly have met the writer; but I should like to hear your interpretation, if you will confer the favor."

"I should say there was a great deal of power, and will, in the person who penned these lines, and an immense ability to subject emotions to a rigid mental custody. At all events, Finley, there is a terrible reserve force somewhere in this nature, and playing with fire occasionally proves dangerous, you know."

The lady gave the signal for leaving the table, and the slender, dark-faced man smiled as he gathered up his mail and made his way to the library. This had been the Arbuthnot boys' special sanctum; they had shared it together, each having his own desk, and table, and private chair, and all appliances for work or pleasure; and now that the boys were men, and one had voluntarily gone forth, forever, from his cozy, luxurious home, the room was sacred to Finley. No one ever invaded this place without its master's permission, and here he spent his mornings, attending to his correspondence and giving play to his fanciful and sometimes vividly strong imagination that had won for him considerable of fame and money. The envelope that Mr. Arbuthnot selected to open first this morning was the pale green one, with its delicate, womanish superscription. The letter read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:  
"The letter you kindly sent me last week deserved, at least, an acknowledgment. Forgive me, if you can—though I feel that those three last words are entirely unnecessary—that I have so long ignored its arrival. I can only say of its delay—and to you can I say more—that no matter what entanglements I may have drawn about myself, no matter what pain may result from my decision, let come what will, I will follow it; I will never give my hand where my heart cannot follow; I will not commit matrimonial suicide! Cases enough forerunners of human hearts to investigate with me, adding mine to the list. Better no marriage than an imperfect one. See how like you—excuse me—how philosophical I am growing to be! I will see you Wednesday, if you wish it. Suppose you call for me and we will walk together."  
MARGUERITE LINN."

Finley Arbuthnot smiled a self-satisfied, quizzical smile, and stroked his long mustache.

"She has been a pretty little bit of study, that girl; but I flatter myself I know her thoroughly now. It was not such a sad thing after all that I put an end to the nonsense between her and Jack. She would not have had enough influence over him to have done him any good. He is bound to go to the bad, anyway; best to save her from sharing his fate. He has precisely the little of the Arbuthnot money to run through with now; he could not have supported a wife, even if he had brought her here, to stay in the home the Lowrie wealth provides while mother lives. And now I must keep Marguerite from marrying any one else out of pique. There is no use in her throwing herself away—only I were rich—but nonsense; I shall not want a wife yet, this many a year, not while I can live here, luxuriously, and go on in my own way; and, after all this is changed, the woman I marry must have money."

And so this man with the changeable gray eyes that could look such unutterable tenderness or such calculating selfishness, the tawny-faced, handsome man, on whom so much of physical and mental good had been lavished, lightly sketched his bright destiny, filling in the present with sunbeams purchased at the expense of a brother's ruin and a girl's broken heart and betrayed faith.

And Marguerite Linn! A fragile girl, perfect of form, graceful of movement, with a tintless oval face, pure and soft like an infant's, and as full of changing expressions as a cloudy day is full of shifting lights, and great enchanting violet eyes, deepening in anger under their dark straight brows and long fringe-like lashes to a cloudy black; a girl in every way delightful to men of luxurious, aesthetic tastes. A girl—yet she had lived two and twenty years, to that time of life which finds many of her sex fully developed into womanhood; but hers was not a nature to mature early; it was one of tropical character, born in a calm of circumstances and chilliness of climate that tended to render its expansion and perfection a matter of years; and, perhaps, Finley Arbuthnot had hardly mastered the mystery of Marguerite's being when he thought he had so thoroughly triumphed in the study he had made of her.

Yet, she had loved Jack Arbuthnot, and now loved his brother—was that a proof that Finley had read her character rightly when he had attributed to it weakness and indecision?

"Marguerite, I have come as you wrote that I might; but instead of going to walk I am going to take you home with me. Not an excuse, please! Here is an invitation from my mother; and you will be sure to like her. There is no company at the house, and we shall have a few quiet, delightful days together. You will get ready?"

"Mr. Arbuthnot, I hardly dare to say yes, though—"

"I say it for you, then! Come, Daisy, I shall wait for you, and you must spare my patience as much of a trial as possible." Marguerite started.

"Daisy?"

"Don't you like that name, little girl? You know I am old enough to be allowed a trifling abatement of stern formality?"

"Oh, it's not that; only do not call me Daisy; Jack called me that."

"And so it is sacred. You are mourning for him yet, poor child." Finley let his hand move caressingly over her bronze-hued hair, as he softly murmured his words and pity.

"No; you will persist in mistaking me, Mr. Arbuthnot. I am not mourning for your brother, and I do not want your pity, only—"

she paused, but not shyly, dreamily, as if her thoughts had flown so far ahead of her words that she had forgotten she was speaking.

"Only what, Marguerite?"

She glanced up frankly, and the violet eyes were very earnest:

"Only your friendship."

"You know that that is yours unalterably, little girl. Now prove if it gains a fair exchange by getting ready to go with me."

They were delighted days that Marguerite Linn spent with Finley Arbuthnot in Mrs. Lowrie's beautiful home. Finley's mother was sweetly gracious to her son's protegee, and the girl idled the hours away in luxurious idleness, while Finley talked to her or read with her, and feasted his senses on her dreamy graces of motion, her physical beauty, and a vague, tantalizing shadow of southern passion in her manners like a low, sweet, scarcely perceptible undertone pulsing through a piece of music. And those days were only the beginning of two years of the same aesthetic, untrifled, pleasurable association.

Mr. Arbuthnot never really made love to the girl Marguerite; treating her always like a tender elder brother, it was satisfaction enough to this man, who was fond of keeping existence full of the most pleasurable sensations, to see how surely and strongly she gravitated toward him. Neither had he spurred her on to anything more than the light literary achievements she had commenced and continued under his tutelage. Had he done either, the end of those days must have come sooner. But he knew that to do the one must terminate this intimacy that was so pleasing to him, and to do the other was to usher a very fair rival upon the field of his own profession. And so this woman's life, that another's selfishness had kept undeveloped so long, bloomed into the fullness of its torrid nature with a suddenness and pain that startled him.

Finley Arbuthnot met an aristocratic, wealthy woman whom his tender gray eyes, and handsome, tawny face, and literary reputation fascinated. Here was a chance to assure to himself a continuance of that luxury to which his mother's use of her second husband's property had accustomed him from boyhood; moreover, he was not unconscious of the fact that Miss Converse, without money even, was a woman any man might be proud to win for a wife.

And Marguerite Linn must be told this. He was not a coward to shrink from the performance of this necessity, or, perhaps, he had miscalculated its effects.

At Mrs. Lowrie's request, instigated by her son, the girl came for a day and night to Starwood. The afternoon had been spent in riding along the golden and flame-hung autumn streets, and the evening in literary gossip, lounging in Turkish comfort before the flaming grate fire. The hour was late, and the hostess had already said good-night, and a soft, idle silence had fallen in the scarlet-curtained room.

Finley was wondering how he should word his news, and if he should not miss, more than he had reckoned, this girl's presence out of his life.

"Marguerite."

She stirred indolently, turning her handsome eyes upon his face.

"Yes?"

"Will you congratulate me? I am to be married in a few weeks, and the next time we meet here I shall be able to introduce you to my wife."

The great eyes darkened into a perfect fury of blackness; the scarlet lips curved in wondering scorn; the beautifully pale face grew deathly white; but the girl only rose and left Arbuthnot alone in the terrible silence.

"So she has gone to have it out alone in her room. I only hope she will not make a scene in the morning, or come down with—good heavens!"

Marguerite glided through the hall arrayed in cloak and bonnet. Finley sprang to the door she was unfastening, and dragged her into the room.

"Marguerite, where are you going? What does this mean?"

"Take your hand off me!" she cried, in a passion. "I am going home! Do you think I would stay under the same roof with you, a moment longer?"

"And we have been such friends, little girl!" Arbuthnot commenced, reproachfully, in his soft voice. "Are you angry at your friend because he is going to marry? Did you never think that, like other men, he might do that one day?"

"No! I counted you better than other men! You once begged me not to commit matrimonial suicide, and I never believed you could do it! I am the only woman who can be your perfect wife. Your whole future will prove it. Your nature will ceaselessly cry out for me, to fill its needs; you love me!"

Perhaps some consciousness of the truth stung him and evoked his sarcasm.

"Have I ever told you so?"

"Not in words; they were not needed! You know I was yours, heart and soul; and that by every sacred tie of the affinity that exists between us, you belong to me. You have proved yourself weak, selfish, villainous, and I despise you utterly!"

She turned to go, but Finley attempted still to detain her.

"You cannot go out alone, at this hour; and there is no train."

"There are carriages to be got. I am not afraid—not nearly as afraid as I would be to stay near such a man. Stand out of my way!"

And with that she left him, for there was that in her voice that made him obedient to her for the first time in their two lives.

And Finley Arbuthnot married Miss Converse, and a year passed by; and then, one day, his wife brought him a magazine in which his own name was signed at the end of one sketch and Marguerite Linn Arbuthnot at the end of another.

"What does it mean, dearest? Is she related to you? Has she wonderful talent—more than that, real genius?"

"I do not know, Mathilde. I cannot understand it. I know a Marguerite Linn; could she have married my brother Jack? He has not been heard of in years—and she did not love him! She wrote but occasionally, for third-rate journals; but this, you say, is a fine sketch."

"The finest thing I have ever read, in its line, excepting always my pet's writings, which, you know, I regard with jealousy partial eyes."

But Mrs. Arbuthnot's partiality, nor Finley's egoism could long refuse to acknowledge the masterly power and artistic beauty that made the writings of the new authoress sought for by a public gone wild with enthusiasm over her mighty genius. Even Finley could gain no knowledge as to this woman, whose talents were so far beyond his own that he was deterred from any attempt at rivalry, until, one evening, with his wife, he attended a select and brilliant reception given to welcome a distinguished foreigner to America, and a young gentleman joined the group among which they stood, crying gaily:

"I have what any person here would be proud to own—the autograph of Margaret Linn Arbuthnot! She has written to say that the sudden indisposition of her husband renders her presence here to-night an impossibility."

"Oh, let us see the writing," cried a dozen voices, and a pale-green envelope—not faintly, but passionately sweet of perfume—passed from eager hand to hand, and came at last to the man who had often held just such dainty tinted wrappers. The superscription was written in a bold, clear style, devoid of any attempt at ornamentation, a hand strangely powerful and controlled, yet wonderfully like to a finer chirography that Finley Arbuthnot had known so well and analyzed with such supreme self-conceit; the very likeness made the man tremble, for he had learned how wholly his nature craved the companionship of the woman it recalled, how utterly unmarried, in soul, he was to the woman he called wife—and whose very worship of himself irritated him.

"What a passionately strong, proud woman she must be—how full her nature of depths and heights of feeling unattainable by ordinary mortals," said Mathilde, as her husband passed back the precious envelope; and Finley cursed himself, in his heart, as he remembered how differently he had interpreted Marguerite's chirography.

The next day Mr. Arbuthnot was called out of town for a brief season. At his return, Mathilde was not present to greet him as usual, and he went direct to his study. A pile of correspondence awaited him, and the first letter was incased in the envelope and superscribed in the hand of Marguerite Linn Arbuthnot. He tore it open feverishly. It read:

"Your brother, my husband, is dying, and wishes to see the man who ruined him. Are you brave enough to come? He will not curse you; he knows that your life must be already a perpetual curse; neither will I—though I feel so inclined when I know how I could have saved bright, honorable life from the clutches of death, and how you lie to me that Jack was false, and your lie to Jack that you loved me. I have tried to atone to him during the past months—for what he has suffered—but you have tricked him of all good—the love he might have had, the honorable career he might have attained, the life that might have been spared him; all he desires to see the brother who ruined his idol."

"108—STREET."

Arbuthnot stood up, irresolutely, his hat in one hand, and Marguerite's damning words in the other, and the door opened and admitted his wife. She was just come in from the street, and there was that in her face that told Finley a horrible something had come between them.

"You need not go," she said, a few womanish tears trickling down her cheeks. "Your brother is dead, and buried. I have come to say good-by, and that you can make arrangements to leave this house. Of course we cannot live together now. I have ceased to respect a man that committed matrimonial suicide and married me solely for wealth."

"Nothing. Her new book is out, and when I read it I knew all; and when I went with the messenger sent to fetch you to your brother's death-bed, I could do nothing!"

She waited a minute as if to give this man she had so loved a chance to say some word in extenuation of his selfishness and heartlessness; but when he did not speak she went from his presence, as virtually widowed for life as the other Mrs. Arbuthnot who this night was so triumphantly avenged; and Finley Arbuthnot misses many of the luxuries he now won't enjoy, and working hard for those he has frequently seen two women, whose love was once his own, pass him in their carriages as he goes to the publishers who dare to cut him down to lower pay, while they accept, on her own terms, any manuscript signed Marguerite Linn Arbuthnot.

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unconsciousness of evil, not her toleration of it; that if her suspicion were once aroused, he could deceive her no more. He knew that Irva had a character and mental caliber beyond her years, and that she had a resolute, clear-sighted woman to deal with, if she were once aroused to the danger of her position and knowledge of his true character.

It is safe to say that Stephen did not find the restraints he was forced to put upon himself very easy or palatable. What he called love, and which was, perhaps, as near an approach to it as he was capable of, had grown stronger day by day. It partook of the selfishness and self-will that were inherent in the man, but it was genuine in its quality, and stronger in its degree than anything he had ever before experienced in his life.

In the meantime, Mrs. Haverstraw had had a letter from Mrs. Sutton, stating that Barby was so much improved by the treatment she was having that she should remain where she was for the present.

She made no allusion to Irva, except to hope that she was well and enjoying herself. Irva had by no means forgotten the romance woven by her busy brain; she had added many a chapter to it from time to time, though it must be owned it was from material that a less active imagination could have made little use of.

One thing, she specially noted, that she rarely expressed a wish or admiration for any article of personal adornment in the presence of Mrs. Haverstraw, but she found it on her bed or table soon after that that lady was in communication with some friend of hers, whose ability was equal to his love, was clear to her.

And who should this be but the father she so yearned to see—and that Barby had often said would one day claim her?

How long would she be banished from his presence when would she be able to tell him that all the good gifts he lavished upon her were nothing compared to his love!

One day, Irva found a beautiful set of sapphires on her dressing-table—the very one she had admired so much at Tiffany's only the day before. She recognized it as soon as she opened the velvet-lined case where it lay.

As she stood looking at it, lost in surprise and admiration, Mrs. Haverstraw entered.

She smiled as she saw what Irva was holding in her hand.

"He who gave you that and all your other beautiful presents, is below, waiting to see you."

Pale, almost breathless with suspense, Irva turned toward the speaker.

"Oh! tell me! is it he, my—"

"I didn't come to answer any questions, child," interrupted Mrs. Haverstraw with an impatient gesture, "but to help you dress. I want you to look as charming as possible. Where is that new silk?"

Bewildered by the thoughts and conjectures that filled her mind, Irva submitted passively to the adjustments that arrayed her in one of the handsomest of her dresses. It was one of those rich brown silks, with a glint of gold in it, very heavy and lustrous, with the corsage sufficiently low to reveal the symmetry and exceeding fairness of the neck and shoulders.

Around these she drew a bertha of soft, creamy lace, fastening it at the throat with the pin belonging to the sapphire set on the table, whose azure light trembled as the bosom rose and fell with thoughts too big for utterance.

Looking so pale and so troubled before—it was pitiful to see the change half an hour had wrought—that there was no perceptible alteration in it.

Letting it fall into her lap, she sat for some moments with her head over her eyes.

Then rising, she turned toward him.

"I must have time to think this over. How much can I have?"

"As much as you like. Only don't keep me long in suspense."

"I will let you know to-morrow evening, at this hour."

"Irva."

Irva turned her head, as she stood upon the threshold.

"Don't forget the good you may do me, by consenting to share my lot. No other woman ever had, or could have, so much influence over me as you."

CHAPTER XII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

In a maze of doubts, fears, and conjectures, now thinking she would do this, and now that, the long day wore to a close.

It wanted only half an hour of the time of Stephen's coming.

Mrs. Haverstraw, who had been with her nearly an hour, warning, coaxing, and expostulating, was gone, and she was alone.

Taking up Mrs. Sutton's letter, she re-read it, and looking over her shoulder, let us see what it contains.

It was as follows:

"DEAR IRVA—Stephen's letter, confessing the nature of his feelings for you, was a great relief to me. I have worried about you a great deal, lately. As I am unable to give you a home, or do anything more for you, I really didn't know what was going to become of you."

"I did not think it best to tell you your father's name, as it might make trouble, and could do you no possible good, but under the circumstances I felt justified in making a direct appeal to him in your behalf, to which he has not deigned even to reply. So you see there is no hope on that score."

"But you need not care for that, now; Stephen will provide for you better than he, who probably thinks that he has enough to provide for already."

"You ought to consider yourself very fortunate girl to have such an offer as this. I hope you won't be so foolish as to reject it. If you do, you will have your own way to make in the world, and a hard way you will find it."



cated, and perhaps I am, but I am quick to learn and to say, and mean it, that our marriage must be now, or never!"

"Then it must be now, for I will not give you up if it separates me from all my kindred! But I am under special obligations to this sister, and would like to have time to get reconciled to it. I have thought of a plan. Supposing we are married very quietly, taking immediate passage for Europe, to be gone six months, or more? By the time we get back everything will have blown over. I can then introduce you to my relatives and friends. You will do the rest; for they have only to know you to fully approve of my choice. How does this strike you?"

Standing in the shadow of the bay-window, Stephen watched anxiously the partly-averted face.

"Very favorably. I think I should like to go abroad. And I don't care how quiet the wedding is."

"Thank you a thousand times, my darling!" was the rapturous response. "Then it is all settled. A steamer leaves in three days, whose captain is a personal friend of mine. I will engage a passage for us in it to-morrow. You will need only a traveling suit; anything else you require can be got much more to your liking on the other side."

"And now?"

Irva submitted passively to the embrace that followed these words, shivering a little as his lips touched hers.

Then she disengaged herself, moving a little way from him.

"You must excuse me now. I did not sleep much last night, and am very tired. With the excitement that filled Stephen's heart at the success that seemed likely to crown his efforts, was mingled a dissatisfaction that amounted to anger when he remembered the language used by Irva in giving her consent. The indifference she manifested was a sore wound to his vanity, and there were times when he hardly knew whether he loved or hated her most. There was a curious mixture of both in his feelings, that augured ill for the unsuspecting girl if she fell into the trap laid for her."

"When I got matters into my own hands," he muttered, as he passed down the steps, "my lady will alter a little. Unless I am slightly mistaken, she won't hold her head quite so high."

Mrs. Haverstraw received the intelligence of Irva's decision—to which she had contributed by every argument in her power—with a profusion of congratulations that wearied far more than they pleased the recipient.

"One would almost think it was you that was going to be married!" she said, in an irritated tone that Mrs. Haverstraw had never heard from her before. "I almost wish it was. It seems to be the general opinion that there is nothing else left for me to do; and that is all that I have to say about it."

There were few points of sympathy between Irva and Mrs. Haverstraw, but so sensibly did she feel her complete isolation from all companionship with her own sex, that it was with a feeling of disappointment that she received her refusal to be the companion of her voyage.

"You will have to have a maid, of course," said that lady; "and I know of one that will just suit you."

Irva had her own thoughts as to this; more—she had a perfect horror of going where she would not see a single face of her own sex that she had ever seen before.

There was something in the kind, honest face of Ellen, the girl that attended to her room, that had always interested Irva. She knew that she did not intend to remain with Mrs. Haverstraw, for she told her so.

"I would much rather have her than a stranger," she thought. "I mean to sound her, and see if she wouldn't like to go with me."

Preferring to do this when they were by themselves, Irva waited until the girl was tidying her room the following morning.

"Ellen, I believe you to be an honest, trustworthy girl, and I am going to tell you something—something that I don't want you to speak of to any one."

"That I won't, ma'am, that you may be sure of."

"Well, I'm going to be married."

The girl looked startled at this abrupt announcement, rather more so than the occasion required.

"It's to a good man, I hope, miss?"

"Yes; that is, I think so. As soon as we are married, we are going to Europe; and I don't know of any one that I would like so well to have go with me, as my maid, as you."

These words seemed to have a strange effect upon Ellen.

"Begin your pardon for being so free, ma'am, but it can't be him you're going to marry, the man that comes here to see you so often?"

"But it is. Only you must be careful and not speak of it outside. Some of Mr. Sully's friends are opposed to it; so he is anxious to keep it quiet for the present."

"But he can't marry ye—the black-hearted villain! to be decaying a young, innocent creature like ye! Oh! Miss Irva, darlin', don't trust him! An' don't let on that I told ye—leastways, not till I get out of the house. If it wasn't for me month's wages, I wouldn't be here now. Bad luck to the day I come into it!"

"What do you mean, Ellen? Can't marry me—why can't he?"

"Because he's got a wife already, an' 'twould be rank biggery! He ought to be beaten within an inch of his life for being so free."

The astonishment in Irva's face gave place to a look of incredulity.

"You must be mistaken, Ellen!—it can't be possible! No man could be so cruel as to wrong and deceive me thus."

"Ah! Miss Irva, dear, it's little ye know of the world, an' the bad men that's in it. Plinty of 'em would think no more of doin' that same than of shavin' their suppers; the famishin' tiger would show ye more mercy than him! It's not men, but bastards they are!"

"But, Ellen, Mr. Sully is the cousin of Mrs. Sutton, the lady that brought me up. She never said anything about his being married."

"I know who ye mane, she who come with the poor old blind leech. Overheard 'em talkin' together, an' it's my belief it's not her cousin at all, at all! It's not that I think any too well of her, nor of the mistress either, with all her smooth ways. Mighty thick, thin two wur, as I minded at the time; an' if they didn't hatch up the plot against 'em, they had a hand in it."

"You might be mistaken. Perhaps it's some other man of the same name that is married, and not he?"

"I couldn't be mistaken. His wife lives in a fine, elegant house in New York. Me own cousin worked for her, an' that's how I happened to know. I knew his two wicked eyes the first time I opened the door for him; though he never mistrusted it, for fine, grand gentlemen like him don't notice the likes of us. I seen him go in up the steps mane the time, when I was chaffin' in the arny with Katy."

"Ellen, this is dreadful!—it is more dreadful than I can express! I must go; I must not stay here another hour."

Ellen looked pitifully at the pale, scared face that was turned toward her.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Irva, dear; the Lord sends His angels to protect them that's innocent an' helpless as ye. He don't forget us, even when we forget Him, blissed be His holy name!"

This simple faith, so simply expressed, gave another and calmer current to Irva's thoughts; slipping her fingers into that hard, rough hand, she bowed her head upon it, while her heart ascended in voiceless prayer.

"But He expects us to do the best we can for ourselves, all the same," continued Ellen; "an' use the senses He's given us. Ye'll need to have all yer wits about ye in dailin' with the likes of this."

"Do you really believe Mrs. Haverstraw to be a bad woman, Ellen?"

"She ain't a good woman, by no manner of manes, miss. If she was, she wouldn't be after

decaying a young, innocent girl, that hain't no father or brother to befriend or protect her. It's well enough she knows that the villain ain't what he purports to be."

"I never liked her—I tried to, but somehow I couldn't—but I never dreamed of this!"

"Take my advice, Miss Irva, dear, an' don't say nothin' to either of 'em. But let 'em say what they please, an' you'll find 'em out. You watch yer chance when they ain't noticein', an' jist walk out, an' don't come back ag'in. There ain't any house very nigh this. It sets back a good ways from the road, and has got a high fence all around it. I can see by the look in your eye, that you'd like to till the villain what ye think of him; but don't do it here, where he has everythin' his own way. I've seen him look at ye, when he didn't think nobody was mindin' him, an' he won't give ye up easy. So mind what I tell ye, Miss Irva, an' jist give him the slip."

"There's the old karridan's fut on the stairs; if she finds me here, she'll suspect somethin'!"

And away darted Ellen, leaving Irva in a state of mind not easily imagined.

She did not have to feign a headache, to excuse her appearance at lunch; when noon came, her temples throbbed almost to bursting.

As she expected, Mrs. Haverstraw came to the door to see how she was; but on Irva's saying that she was trying to sleep, she went away.

In the course of the afternoon, Ellen managed to smuggle herself in.

"Don't be downhearted, Miss Irva, darlin'!" she whispered. "I hain't forgotten ye. I've got a 'waterproof,' with a big hood to it, that'll cover ye completely from head to fut, an' I'll contrive to smuggle it in to ye as soon as it is dark."

As Irva did not come down to dinner, Mrs. Haverstraw insisted on coming in.

She brought a dish of tea.

"It's a good strong cup, my dear," she said, as she set it down; "and I don't know of any thing that's better for the headache, especially for those not used to drinkin' it."

"How are you feeling? Better, I hope? Stephen will be here this evening, and will be so disappointed in not seeing you."

In spite of all her efforts, Irva shrunk away from the fingers that touched her forehead.

"He'll have to be disappointed, then; for I shall not see him to-night."

Mrs. Haverstraw looked at the flushed cheeks and heavy eyes.

"You are looking feverish. I hope you are not going to be sick, at this time of all times. I wouldn't have it happen on any account."

There was a genuine expression of alarm in the speaker's face, as she put her finger on the fluttering pulse.

Irva withdrew her hand; throwing it up over the pillow on which her head lay.

"You seem to take a great deal of interest in me, Mrs. Haverstraw?"

"I do, indeed; almost as much as if you were my own daughter."

"Did you ever have a daughter?"

Mrs. Haverstraw was evidently unprepared for this; there was a sudden change in the voice and face.

"Yes, one; but she died when a baby."

"It would be well for some other daughters if they had died, too!"

A look of sullen gloom settled upon the coarse, heavy features.

"I've often wished what it was well for mine. I've often wished I had died when I was a baby."

Here she forced a laugh.

"But this has nothing to do with you, who have such a happy future before you."

As Irva looked into the face of the speaker, the appeal that was quivering upon her lips died there.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing. All I need is sleep; and I wish you would see that I am not disturbed by any one."

"I will. Lie in the morning as long as you like. You can have breakfast at any hour you want it."

Irva drew a long sigh of relief as the door closed after her; she knew that she would not be intruded upon again.

"You will not find me here in the morning," she thought.

As she lay there, watching the shades of twilight deepen around her, she heard Stephen's ring at the door.

"I wonder if he is going to stay?" was her inward query.

Then, mindful of Ellen's promise, she softly unbolts the door, and waited.

To be continued—continued in No. 408.

## REMORsus.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

To wake in the somber night, thinking,

And find yourself cowardly shrinking

From the future that lies before;

To sigh for oblivion's iber,

To grasp for the chalice, in vain;

Then turn to the maddest of men,

Which, arrow-like, pierces the brain;

To think of the hopes that have faded,

To dream of an ill-improved past;

To bury affections, degraded,

By the slime of the serpent at last;

To conjure up scenes that have vanished

In a halo of Purity's gold;

And find each a specter long banished—

A hideous shape to behold;

And then to go back to your pillow,

Molten by tears of regret,

And wish that a Lethal blow

Would teach the poor heart to forget!

## Gold Dan:

OR,

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "JUNIOR DICK," "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE ELDER UNMAKES.

ALL the way from the hut of old Cripples to the Mormon ranch down by the Great Salt Lake, the elder beguiled the way with cheerful conversation, chiefly laudatory of the Latter-day Saints and derogatory of the Gentiles.

Polly listened almost in silence, only putting a shrewd question now and then—questions which puzzled the elder to answer.

"But you Mormons do have more than one wife, don't you?" she asked, after the elder had finished a long tirade in regard to the Gentiles lies about the elect who dwell in the Mormon land.

"Well, yes," admitted the elder, cautiously, "some of us do have more than one wife, but never unless we are specially commanded by the Lord, through his Prophet, sainted brother Brigham Young, to take another helpmate."

You must remember, my dear, how many more women there are in this world than men, and in the usual course of things, as they are arranged in the Gentile world, just see what a host of unfortunate women there are who are never able to get married at all, simply because there are not men enough to go round."

"But, for my part, I should prefer to have no husband at all to sharing him with three or four other wives," Polly said, decidedly.

"Ah, but we never take a second wife unless the first one is perfectly willing; that would be entirely against our principles. Therefore, Polly, if you make up your mind to have me one of these days, you needn't let that trouble you."

You will be my first wife, and of course if you should object, I would never take another."

"But ain't you already married?"

"Oh, no, my dear; what put that idea in your head?"

"Why, I heard that you had five or six wives!"

"A Gentile lie, my dear!" cried the elder, warmly. "You really must not believe all you hear about us Mormons; the Gentiles lie about us all they possibly can. It makes them feel sore, my dear, when they come to Utah and behold the holy city that we, the chosen people of the Lord, have built up in the wilderness. They sneer at us, scoff at our religion, and cry out that our gravity and solemn bearing is but a cloak to conceal wicked hearts and evil purposes; but it is no wonder that we are grave—no wonder that we are solemn, for the shadow of Nauvoo is on our souls—Nauvoo, where our first Prophet, the inspired Joseph Smith, was brutally murdered, and that crime has not been avenged, but it will soon be; the North and South are now cutting each other's throats as fast as they can, and on their ruins we will rise a glorious people and possess the earth. They drove us forth into the wilderness, but we will return with flaming swords, and the Lord will smite our enemies hip and thigh."

"But it was not a Gentile who spoke about your wives," Polly said, shrewdly.

"Not a Gentile!" exclaimed the elder, rather taken aback at this statement. "Who was it, then? Surely not a Mormon?"

"Yes, it was a Mormon!"

"Ah, well, of course there's some evil-minded men among us; there are black-sheep in every flock, you know; but it's a lie, for all that. I refer to the report that I had five or six wives." And the elder spoke truth here, for he had only four.

"Who was it that told you about my wives?"

"The heavy jaws shut together viciously as he asked the question."

"I don't know as I remember," was the evasive reply.

"Will you allow me to help your memory a little, my dear?" said the Mormon, his voice calm and pleasant, but an ugly look shining in his little eyes. "It was John Clark, wasn't it?"

"I don't remember—exactly," stammered Polly, astonished and confused, for the elder had hit the mark at the first trial.

"Oh, I guess it was! I heard, some time ago, that he was after you and I can understand his lying about me!" the Mormon exclaimed, angrily.

Polly was astonished at this declaration, for black-browed, Long John Clark, the notorious Duke of Corinne, was the last man in the world whom she could believe had taken a fancy to her.

"I've had my eye upon him, for some time!" the elder continued, "and I'll fetch him up with a round turn, one of these days, when he least expects it."

The girl would not have felt the least anxiety in regard to Clark on account of this threat, even if she had been interested in him, which she was not, for the stern, cold man, although he frequently passed her house and generally stopped to speak a few words, seemed to be as far removed from her as the Mormon prophet, great Brigham Young himself.

In truth, she thought that in the event of a quarrel between the Mormon elder and the Duke of Corinne, the burly Salt-Laker would have a hard time of it.

"And this fellow isn't a Mormon, either," the elder continued, finding that the girl kept silence. "He's only a hanger-on, a tool that, in years gone by, we have used to do our dirty work among the Indians; but we'll cut him off pretty soon; he's been talking too freely lately. He thinks, maybe, that because this railroad is coming we and our religion are played-out; but brother Brigham knows what is what, and he says that it must be a mighty poor religion if one railroad can bust it up!"

The girl had heard this Mormon talk before about "cutting off" this or that obnoxious member. In the old days when the vulgar, ignorant, mountebank Prophet ruled, Utah as no living civilized ruler dared to rule his people, a man was cut off from the flock, for ever so small an offense; at order the Danites made short work of him. Few escaped to tell how they had grown tired of the Mormon yoke, and had sought freedom in flight, abandoning all that they had brought into Utah, glad to escape with life alone.

But the approach of the iron-horse had made a serious inroad upon the Prophet's power; the Mormon leaders no longer dared to carry matters with so high a hand as in the old days.

"Yes, yes," continued the elder, "soon we'll cast him out; it's a shame that such a villain should dare to lie about such a man as I am, and as he spoke the elder swelled with conscious pride."

The girl replied not, but in her opinion one John Clark was worth a dozen of the Mormon elder.

At last, the two drew rein at the Mormon's ranch.

It was a well-constructed wooden house, square in shape and surrounded with a stout stockade fence.

Beyond the first ranches established outside of the main settlement, it had been constructed for defense as well as shelter, for in the early days the Mormon greatly dreaded trouble with the surrounding Indians.

The elder conducted Polly up-stairs to a room on the second floor, in the rear of the house.

It was quite dark by the time the two reached the room, and the girl never suspected anything wrong when the elder conducted her into the apartment, gave her some matches, told her to light the candle upon the table, while he went to prepare the patient.

Polly lit the candle and took a survey of the room. It was a plainly-furnished bed-chamber, and she noticed that the windows were barred by heavy shutters.

A letter, lying upon the table, attracted her attention. Glancing at it she saw that it was addressed to her and signed by the elder's sprawling signature.

Horror-stricken, she read of the fate to which she was doomed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A SUFFRAGE.

"MY DEAR POLLY," the letter ran; "there has been a divine revelation vouchsafed to our Prophet, brother Brigham, commanding me to take you to wife; and you are exposed to Gentile temptation. I have taken the liberty of using a simple device to remove you from beyond the reach of the scoffers who mock and revile us Mormons. I trust that you will perceive the glorious future thus provided for you by the will of the Lord, and that with a cheerful heart you will be prepared to submit yourself unto the fate that Heaven has marked out for you."

Yours in the bonds and trammels of love  
(Signed)  
GIDEON BIDDAMAN.

With a contemptuous gesture the girl crumpled up this peculiar epistle and cast it down upon the floor.

"The great, ugly, fat brute!" she cried, rage sparkling in her pretty eyes, "he's got me here but if he thinks he is going to marry me whether I am willing or not, he'll find that he is very much mistaken. I'm not a Mormon and I won't submit to any of their nonsense!"

And with this spirited declaration the girl advanced to the door. She had made up her mind to walk boldly out of the house, but the simple child—she was but little more—had no idea of the strength of the web in which she had been so skillfully immeshed.

The door was fastened securely.

For a moment Polly was frightened; she had not expected this; then she flew to the windows, but the heavy shutters were fixed solid in their places. Flight was not going to be so easy as she had imagined.

"At all events they can't marry me against my will!" she cried, defiantly, "even if they do succeed in keeping me shut up!"

Then she sat down at the table and read the elder's letter over again; her rage growing fiercer and fiercer at every word.

"Oh, the scamp!" she cried, "but I'll pay him up for this!"

One side only of the Mormon's character had Polly seen. She had always thought him to be a dull, well-measured, good-natured but rather stupid old man; she had yet to learn that Gideon Biddaman could play the tyrant when he chose, and was far more knave than fool.

And now, as Polly sat with angry eyes glaring at the letter, the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and the broad figure of the elder was visible.

Polly sprang to her feet in an instant, and the elder, fearing that the girl would attempt to escape, closed the door behind him quickly, and placed his broad back against it. Then he surveyed the prisoner with a good-natured grin upon his fat face.

"Oh, you monster!" cried Polly in a rage, really at a loss for words wherewith to fly express the indignation boiling over within her bosom.

"Well, my dear, I fooled you nicely, didn't I?" and the elder chuckled at the idea.

"Come away from that door and let me go home!" Polly cried.

"Home! why you are home now!" the Mormon replied. "Now don't be obstinate, Polly, but listen to reason like a girl of sense."

"Let me out!"

"Oh, no!"

"Take care or I'll scratch you well if you don't let me go."

"Oh, no you won't!" and the elder laughed just as if it were all a joke.

"Why won't I?" demanded Polly, astonished that her threat had not produced more effect.

"Because, my dear, if you act like a naughty child, I shall have to treat you like one; that is, I shall box your ears and send you to bed without any supper."

Polly fairly gasped with rage.

"You won't dare!" she cried.

"Oh, won't I? Well, you just try it and see," he retorted. "I want you to understand, Mrs. Biddaman that is to be, that I'm not the sort of man to stand any nonsense. Now if you'll be reasonable, and behave yourself, we'll get on as nice as pie, but if you don't, and try to cut up any didoes, I reckon that I'm the one that can bring you down to your fodder!"

"Do you think that I'm going to marry you?" cried Polly, highly exasperated.

"Why, yes, of course; there isn't a doubt about it!" he replied, as coolly as possible.

"Do you think that I would have taken all this trouble to bring you here, if I wasn't sure in regard to the subject?"

"Well, I never will, and that's flat!"

"Oh, yes, you will, and that's flatter!" he retorted. "I've tamed just such young heifers as you are before. We Mormons don't fool much with



that the girl had gone off with you to attend to your sick housekeeper. I knew at once what you were up to, and I determined to follow you at once, for I have made up my mind that you shan't have the girl!"

Again the Saint grew red with rage, and the hand that gripped the revolver under the table fairly trembled with the excitement of resentment.

"And why shan't I—what have you got to do with it? But I understand your game, too, as you call it; you are after the girl yourself; you want her, and that's the reason you interfere!"

"You're quite right, elder; I want her, and that's the reason I interfere," the Danite repeated placidly.

"But do you 'pose I'm going to give her up to you?" Biddeman cried. "Why ain't I got as good a right to her as you, hey?"

"Of course you've got just as good a right, provided she gives it to you."

"I don't understand what you mean?"

"Don't you? Well, I want the girl, if she is willing to come with me of her own free will, not like you who have carried her off by a trick. The girl is in the house now, I suppose; bring her down and let her choose between us. If she takes you, I am content, and will depart in peace."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 400.)

## DO NOT FORGET ME!

BY M. L. M.

Do not forget me!  
The hours, full-fledged with a joy too deep  
For words, have flown too swiftly by. Oh, keep  
That joy undimmed.  
And though henceforth we two should dwell apart,  
Let no memories linger in your heart  
Or cloud your brow with care.

Do not forget me!  
Think of the happy days when first we met;  
Their golden radiance is around us yet—  
The sun, the glow,  
Of that best time, when earth and sea and skies  
Revealed new glories to our wondering eyes,  
Transfigured by love's power.

Do not forget me!  
Go where you will, you are not far from me;  
My thoughts will follow you, o'er land and sea,  
Unceasingly.  
And in the stillness of some lonely hour  
Your soul and mine, by strange magnetic power,  
Shall hold communion sweet!

Do not forget me!  
Think of the love that patient waits for you;  
Think of the heart that ever clings to you,  
All trustfully.  
Content, if sunshine falls around your way,  
To brighten every path wherein you stray,  
In loneliness to dwell.

Do not forget me!  
A kind remembrance is not much to ask!  
Surely, it will not be too hard a task  
Sometimes to think  
Of one for whom the world can yield no bliss  
So deep, so true, so exquisite as this—  
To love and care for you!

## The Scarlet Captain:

OR,  
The Prisoner of the Tower.  
A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION,"  
"THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER  
SAM," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE ATTACK ON THE CASTLE.

For some ten minutes the flames from the burning hut burst a hole in the darkness of the night, and then with a crash the roof tumbled in, the walls collapsed, and all was darkness, the heavy smoke rising from the ruins and overhanging them like a funeral pall.

In the meantime Skipton had resumed his former position, and, with a gloomy face, employed himself in removing the blood-stains from the polished blade of his sabre.

"Why did you fire the hut?" Ismail inquired, sternly, the moment Skipton joined the party. The renegade did not like his plans to be tampered with, and he had not intended that the hut should be fired until he had had a chance to gaze upon the features of the man he hated so bitterly rigid in the cold grasp of death.

"Did you not order me to?" Skipton exclaimed, in surprise.

"No; you misunderstood me; but it does not matter, so long as you are sure that your blow was fatal."

"I struck as well as I knew how," the Englishman answered, "and even if some spark of life remained, the man must be more than mortal to resist the effects of the fire. Do you not notice how the flames are flaring now? They have evidently reached the body."

And in truth something that the forked flames delighted to feed up, they were evidently consuming, as Skipton called attention to the devouring blast.

The renegade was satisfied; and when darkness came again and settled upon the scene, with a look of satisfaction upon his stern features he turned away.

At last his vengeance was complete.

"You are three thousand good pieces the richer, Skipton, and in time to come I shall not forget the service."

"I shall trust to your excellency's memory," the Bashi Bazouk replied.

It was but a commonplace remark—a natural one, too, under the circumstances, and yet there was something in it that grated harshly upon the ears of Ismail, but what it was he could not tell. He looked searchingly for a moment into the face of the officer, but Skipton was busy wiping off a spot of blood which had besmeared the handle of his weapon, and which had previously escaped his notice, so he was unaware of the scrutiny to which he was subjected.

Ismail dismissed his suspicion as a whim, unworthy of notice, and summoning his men proceeded straight to the castle.

The inmates, whose attention had been attracted by the flames rising from the burning hut, were on the alert, and at first were disposed to offer resistance to the entrance of the Turks, but a few well-aimed shots speedily put to flight all martial thoughts, and tremblingly the gates were opened.

Once again the dark-browed ruffian held Catherine, of Scutari, a prisoner in his hands.

Some fifteen or twenty minutes had been occupied in forcing an entrance, so the countess had ample time to prepare to receive the evil genius who was making himself the bane of her young existence.

In the great hall of the castle, where in the olden time the armed retainers had been used to assemble to receive the commands of their chief, the officer and his followers found the two ladies.

Skipton Pasha had been left in charge of the gate and horses with his four men, but the rest of the force had followed Ismail.

Catherine had vainly attempted to urge the servants to resist the entrance of the Turks; but the men, frightened at the stories they had heard of the bloody vengeance always taken by the Moslems when their demands were resisted, were far too timid to follow the bold counsel of the countess, and while she, in the great hall, was attempting to inspire these chicken-hearted cravens with some of the courage springing within her own dauntless breast, the men below opened the gate and admitted the Turks.

Plainly to the ears of the two ladies came the sound of the tramping feet and the rattle of the weapons, clanking loudly, as the Turkish soldiers rushed up the stairs.

Within the garments of both of the ladies little keen-edged daggers were secreted. They were prepared for the worst; better death by their own hands than to live the helpless victims of barbarous outrages.

The dark eyes of Ismail gleamed as he gazed once again upon the woman whom he had marked out for his prey. Catherine faced him boldly; there was no drop of craven blood within her veins; all the courage of the stout old race from which she sprung was within her woman's breast.

"Fortune favors me, you see!" the renegade exclaimed. "Again we are face to face—again I step forward as the ruler of your fate."

"Will your persecution never cease?" demanded Catherine, undauntedly.

"Never until you are mine!" the Turkish general replied.

"Distant will be that day."

"No; quite near at hand. This night I have widowed you, but to-morrow I will make amends by wedding you myself."

"And has the Scarlet Captain died again?" Catherine asked, scornfully.

"The last time but one when we met in the old tower you swore that he was dead, and yet he was not."

"A mistake then—a false report, but no doubt in regard to the matter this time."

In Catherine's face appeared decided unbelief.

"But come, we are wasting time!" Ismail exclaimed, abruptly. "Are you prepared for a journey?"

"Whither?"

"To some safe retreat within the Turkish lines," he replied. "The heiress of Scutari is far too valuable to be permitted to dwell where she may be assailed at any moment by a roving band of plunderers."

"If there are worse men in the world than you and your followers, Heaven save me from them!" the countess cried, her anger flaming suddenly out when she reflected how utterly helpless she was in the power of this bold, bad man.

"Catherine, why waste time in useless recriminations. You are mine past all redemption. The only man to whom you could look for any hope of rescue has been sent by my will on his dark journey to the other world. By wedding this adventurer you thought to defeat my plans; for a time you succeeded, but in the end I have triumphed; you have lost the point you attempted to gain and this unknown soldier bartered away his life for the meager and unsubstantial pleasure of hearing the name of husband to you for a few short hours. Come! give up all hope of resistance; I defy either man or devil to tear you from me now!"

Hardly had this boasting speech escaped his lips, and he had advanced to the side of the helpless girl, when there was a sudden commotion in the hallway below; the sounds of a brief struggle was followed by the rush of many feet up the broad stairs.

Alarmed, the Turks gathered together, drew their weapons, and prepared for a conflict.

It did not seem possible, and yet they feared that they were surprised; although how careful, cautious Skipton Pasha, on guard below, could have allowed an enemy to steal upon him unawares was a mystery.

Not long was the suspense; through the open doors came a host of Montenegrin soldiers, led by Lauderdale, the young prince and—the Scarlet Captain!

The Turks could hardly believe their eyes. Here, in full health was the man whom they had fully believed to have perished in the ruins of the old hut.

The presence of Skipton Pasha in front of the Montenegrin host, evidently not a prisoner, for he was fully armed, partially explained the mystery.

The Englishman had been false to the trust reposed in him, and had not only neglected to kill the prisoner, but had connived at his escape.

"I struck as well as I knew how," the Englishman answered, "and even if some spark of life remained, the man must be more than mortal to resist the effects of the fire. Do you not notice how the flames are flaring now? They have evidently reached the body."

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Skipton Pasha had been left in charge of the gate and horses with his four men, but the rest of the force had followed Ismail.

"It is fate," and as the countess spoke there was a look in her dark eyes—a peculiar, joyous light which he had never seen there before.

"And now, lady, that you are again free to go where you list, had you not better seek shelter in some fortified town, where you will be safe from all such attacks as this one to-night? The heiress of Scutari is a tempting prize and there's many an adventurer who might attempt to carry out the plan which cost this renegade his life."

"And where go you?" Catherine asked, with evident timidity.

"Back to our fortified camp near Duleigno, where Montenegro in the future will keep an army of observation to watch the Turks. We are not yet at the end of this struggle, for, if I read the signs aright, Europe is on the eve of a general war. Turkey cannot yield and in time Russia must advance. War must soon come between the two and probably other powers may be drawn in."

"And can I not go there, too?" the countess asked, appealingly.

"Why not seek the comforts some large city affords?" the soldier asked, in astonishment.

"Is it not a wife's duty to follow her husband?" and as she spoke, in her soft, expressive eyes the Scarlet Captain read a world of meaning.

"True; I am your husband, but you forget the conditions you imposed."

"Yes, I do forget them, and do you forget them, too," she answered, softly.

"But, you are a rich heiress, the Countess of Scutari, and an humble soldier like myself—"

She interrupted him.

"You told me that you would be loved for yourself alone. Be satisfied then; the once proud countess has changed into the loving wife. I will cast aside my rank if it offends you and be content to be the humble wife of the simple soldier, whose name even I do not know. Can I say more?"

"No, Catherine," and the rich voice of the soldier was full of emotion; "with thankfulness I accept the gift which Heaven has given me. As the unknown soldier I married you and as the unknown soldier I have won your love; my cup of joy is full."

One of the Montenegrins approached the Scarlet Captain and, saluting respectfully, asked:

"What disposition shall be made of the prisoners, your highness?"

Catherine stared, opening wide her large eyes.

"Your highness!" she exclaimed, in wonder.

The Scarlet Captain smiled.

"The lady does not know me. It is the Countess of Scutari; pray introduce me in due form, colonel," he said, gravely.

The officer did not exactly understand it, but perceiving that the speaker was in earnest, proceeded to do as he was bid.

"Countess, allow me to have the pleasure of presenting to you my royal highness, Nicholas, Prince of Montenegro."

The mystery was explained at last: the Scarlet Captain was the young and heroic Montenegrin prince in person!

"Convey the prisoners to our camp. We must make due complaint in regard to the violation of the truce, and show to all the world that we were not the first to break faith."

The officer departed.

"But the young prince of Montenegro?" Catherine asked.

"My brother—a bright lad who willingly consented to aid me to keep up the deception, for, Catherine, I should have always doubted your love if I had won you as the Prince of Montenegro."

The wonderful escape of the prince from his captivity in the old hut, and how he managed to induce Skipton Pasha to prove recreant to his colors, is soon told.

The Englishman guessed at the time of the capture that the unknown Montenegrin was the prince, for the soldier who had been mortally wounded, the prince's orderly, with his dying breath called out:

"Save Prince Nicholas! His horse is down!"

This gave Skipton a clew which he pondered over, but kept the matter to himself.

And then, when the renegade urged him so eagerly to undertake the task of slaying the prisoner, he consented, so that he might aid the prince to escape. To slay the head of the royal house of Montenegro was something too much for the Englishman.

And on entering the old hut he unbound the captive and told him plumply who he supposed him to be.

The prince did not deny his identity.

"To murder a prince is a cut above me," the blunt Englishman said; "but if I let you escape, why, it will cost me my commission in the Turkish service, and my head, too, if I am not careful to get out of the way."

"Let me go free, and name your price!" the prince had replied.

"No; I won't bargain with a man for his life; but as soon as I can I will get inside the Montenegrin lines, and you can do the best you can for me."

Gladly the captive assented.

Through the open window in the rear the Montenegrin fled. Skipton set the house on fire to cover the escape, and cutting a gash in his leg daubed his saber with the blood, and the groans of pain which had reached the ears of the Turks had come from his own lips. The rest the reader knows.

Lauderdale, bringing up the Montenegrin troops in hot haste, encountered the fleeing prince and had hurried on to the castle, arriving just in the nick of time.

Skipton had posted no guard, expecting to be surprised, and so an easy entrance was obtained.

Five thousand English pounds the late Bashi Bazouk officer received from the grateful prince, and then he hurried home to his native land in hot haste to enjoy his fortune.

Following her friend's example, Alexina soon blossomed the American with her hand.

Our story now is ended.

We have related a romantic episode connected with the life of the Prince of Montenegro not generally known to the world, and if any of our readers take an interest in the fortunes of one of the bravest and best princes in Europe, let them scan the war news from the Old World, now daily given in our journals.

In 1877, as in 1876, the period of which we have written, the able Montenegrin leader has beaten the Turks at all points, fighting at tremendous odds, too, 60,000 Moslems against 10,000 Montenegrins.

Since the world began, the pages of history have never chronicled a more daring or more successful fight, and the good wishes of all civilized people must go with the able general whose early exploits we have related and whose fortunes the reader has followed as the Scarlet Captain.

THE END.

## Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## FOOTBALL.

WHILE we as Americans have been wise in following the healthy example of our English cousins in fostering out-door sports and recreative exercise, as we have done in the past decade, we have rather overdone the thing in some respects, especially in the case of our adoption of some English field sports in which there is more to be condemned than to be commended. Not to mention the absurd attempt recently made to introduce the favorite field-sport of the wealthy class of England, the English nobility, fox-hunting, in this country, we propose to enter our protest against the substitution of the rough and dangerous English sport of football as a fall and spring field-game for a verian college students, for the American Indian game of La Crosse, which is the superior of football in every respect as a recreative exercise in the field for October, November and December, and the early spring months, when base-ball and cricket cannot well be played. Where a special sport is needed as an exercise for any class of our American youth, and there is nothing of American origin to take up, it is well enough to adopt a foreign sport; but when we have a game of our own which is in every way preferable to the imported one, it should be encouraged by all means. In this way has base-ball supplanted cricket, though in this instance the English game is well worthy of encouragement; and in the same way should La Crosse be preferred to the English game of football.

The latter game, in all its peculiar features, was fully exhibited in the metropolis during October and November, in the latter month of which first-class contests took place on the football field at Hoboken, between the University fifteen, of Harvard, and the College fifteen, of Columbia and Princeton, and also the fifteen of the Stevens Institute and New York College. Under the revised code of football rules, known as the "Amended Rugby Code," the game has been brought down to a mere series of wrestling-matches for the possession of the ball, technically known as "scrimmages" and "mauling," the latter being a most appropriate term indeed. Briefly, football, as now played, is a fierce, rough struggle between numbers of athletic men in wrestling, throwing each other down, pushing, tripping, grasping, and in any way whatever forcing the ball away from the one man who holds it. The game opens with the ball being placed in the center of the field and then kicked toward the goal of the opposite party to the kicker.

This done, the struggle for the possession of the ball begins. If the party who gets hold of it after the first kick can retain possession of it, he immediately runs toward his opponents' goal-ground with the ball under his arm, and if he is able to get on the ground in question, he touches it with the ball, as near to the goal posts as he can. This entitles his side to the right to kick it over the goal, which counts one goal saved. On his grasping the ball after the first kick his fight with his opponents begins and is kept up continuously until he is forced to yield the ball or touches the ground with it. It is in this continuous fight for the ball that the "scrimmages" take place and the "mauling" is done. Rough is no name for the handling the holder of the ball gets in a scrimmage. Men have been dragged out of these "scrimmages" ruptured, sprained, bruised and injured in a manner which has disabled them for months, and in some cases for life. There is one thing about football, and that is that weight and muscle in the player are the main essentials of success.

Mental ability has no special field of operation in a football contest. The best runner, who is at the same time a man of weight and muscle, and especially a good wrestler, is best man in a football fifteen. There is but little opportunity for strategic play, the nearest approach to it being the act of "passing" the ball. To get a "touch-down," one has to encounter any number of knock-downs, push-downs, and fall-downs, not to mention trip-downs. In the last match at Princeton between the College team of that place and the Columbia College fifteen, one of the Princeton players was carried from the field badly ruptured, while several of the Columbias, as well as the Princeton, had sprained ankles and knees and wrenched arms. Now all these objectionable characteristics of football are avoided in La Crosse, while a grace of motion is imparted in the latter game, and a field for strategic skill is afforded which football knows nothing of. By all means let La Crosse be substituted for the rough and dangerous sport of football.

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## KISS AND MAKE UP.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

It is easy to get along with me;  
My wife and I we always agree;  
Upon the prominent questions;  
She listens to what I have to say—  
When I say it in a quiet way.  
And I hearken to her suggestions,  
But after a little quarrel or so  
We always kiss and make up, you know.

I think I'm an humble sort of a man,  
And I try to do the best I can  
To keep the household in order,  
But the best of things sometimes go wrong,  
And when they do, her voice is so strong  
You could hear it over the border.  
And you'd think that ours is a noisy row;  
But we always kiss and make up, you know.

I have made it a rule to never complain,  
But the rule is often put to a strain  
By one little thing or another.  
And then I say what I have to say  
In a very husbandly sort of a way.  
About the general bother,  
And get a blow on my nose or so,  
But we always kiss and make up, you know.

If the tea should prove to be over cold  
And I warm up, and begin to scold  
In something of a passion;  
I get a dose of her words, you see,  
Eleven times hotter than the tea,  
Poured out in tremendous fashion;  
And maybe the table will over go,  
But we always kiss and make up, you know.

She is possessed of a summer of aunts,  
For whom her heart respectfully pants,  
And for whom my table is groaning;  
And when I tell her that I groan, too,  
There's an extra dish of a family stew  
That is almost past eating;  
And glances and smiles she will throw;  
But we always kiss and make up, you know.

I married three sisters, her ma and her pa,  
In a regular way, according to law,  
In a manner I think is binding,  
But none of my family she wed but me,  
And on the account of this, you may see,  
That perhaps some fault I am finding,  
And a fresh family jar is opened so,  
But we always kiss and make up, you know.

I'm a lover of right, and I hate the wrong,  
And I'll always battle against it strong  
Wherever I happen to view it;  
And my wife is just such a woman as I,  
If she says she'll let no fault pass by,  
Depend upon it, she'll do it,  
And when she shows haste, then I go slow,  
But we always kiss and make up, you know.

And very often the question will strike,  
Are not the folks very much alike,  
With the very same feelings in them?  
I allude to married couples by name,  
And I conclude they are much the same  
When there is a question between them;  
And I think the world to run would go  
If they didn't kiss and make up, you know.

## Woods and Waters;

OR,

## The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTEZ.

## GLASS-BALL SHOOTING.

LONG COVENTRY was the vainest youth of our club. He was vain of his high, vain of his nose, vain of his mustache because it had started early, and more vain of his shooting than anything else.

And yet Long Coventry was the butt of the club in a quiet way. No one laughed at him openly to his face except old Mart, who used to call him a "duffer" and "greeny" whenever Coventry began to boast of his exploits, as he frequently did.

"That ain't no harm in Long," he would say. "He's a nice young feller enough for gals to fool round, but he can't shoot worth a cent, and he won't learn, 'cause he thinks he knows already."

But no one could make Coventry believe this. If he missed—and he often did—he always had an excuse; and if he hit a bird he used to brag as loud as if he had knocked down a score.

Now when Bruce prepared the trap with another glass ball, Coventry loaded his gun—a most elaborate breech-loader of the latest pattern—and observed:

"I don't pretend to know much about this glass-ball shooting, Bruce. I can knock over a plover or a snipe every time, but these things I don't believe in. You see the ball flies only sideways, and I like a bird that flies straight away."

Bruce smiled, and quietly turned the trap round so that the ball would fly toward the barn.

"There's your straight-away bird, Long," he said. "You can have him any way you like. Send him over your head if you wish it. Are you ready?"

Long could hardly hesitate now, with the eyes of the club on him, so he cocked his gun and nodded.

"Now, Sol Hawkins, you watch the ball against the barn, and see how high it rises," said Bruce. "Afterward we'll mark the shot and find out why Coventry misses."

"Wait till he does miss," said Coventry, angrily.

"Ready! Go!" said Bruce, without noticing his tone.

The trap sprung, and the dark-green ball flew through the air striking the side of the barn with a thump about twenty feet from the ground, then falling down.

Bang went Coventry's gun, and the shot rattled into the barn like hail, but no sound of breaking glass was heard at the marksmen.

"I told you I should miss," he said, petulantly. "These glass balls are humbugs. They don't fly like a bird at all."

"Will you pull for me, till I show you?" asked Bruce, quietly. "You missed that ball because you shot too high. You can see the dent of the ball in the whitewash, and there is your charge at least seven feet above it, just under the eaves."

"Give me another shot," said Coventry, eagerly. "I wasn't taking pains then."

"All right, old fellow. How will you have him? A low bird, a towering bird, a cross-flier, or how?"

"The same as before," said Coventry, and he cocked his gun with renewed determination.

Again the ball flew, and again Coventry missed. The second ball lay by the first unhit, but we could see the black spots of the shot just over the dent of the ball in the wall. The rest of us were disposed to laugh, but Bruce checked us.

"I think you struck the ball that time, Long," he said; "but only with a few pellets. You practice awhile at the trap and you'll soon get so you can hit. Now trap for me, any way you like. Which do you think most difficult, Green?"

"Oh, a cross-bird, of course," said Charley, eagerly. "I don't see how any one can hit them."

"Set the trap then," said Bruce. "Remember, the lower the notch hooked into, the stronger and swifter the ball flies."

Long Coventry bent down the spring of the trap to the lowest notch with a malicious smile, placed the ball, and then came running back, jerking the string as he came without any warning. He had set the trap so that the ball would come quattering across the line of Bruce's fire from front to rear, falling behind him. But the ball never completed its course. We saw that unerring gun go up to Bruce's shoulder and follow the missile with a steady, rapid motion.

Bang! went the piece, and the crash of broken glass in the air announced that the ball was blown to fragments, which fell in a shower down in the meadow.

Charley Green jumped for joy.

"Hurrah for old Bruce!" he cried. "Now do give me a try, please."

"Certainly," said Bruce. "It's not so diffi-

cult as it looks. You try a go-away bird first, like Long here. Remember that you must sight the ball, if you expect to hit it. That's all. Now—ready!"

Charley nodded and stood with his gun at his shoulder, eagerly watching the ball. "Ready! Go!"

Away went the ball, and bang went Charley's gun. There was no crash of glass, but the shot rattled into the barn just below the dent of the ball. Charley looked round.

"Never mind, young'un," said Bruce, good-naturedly; "you sighted all right, but you pulled too soon. You can try another shot. Don't pull till you first cover. Now once more. Ready! Go!"

Away went the ball, bang! went the gun, and crash went the glass.

Charley jumped up and down, full of excitement.

"Hurrah! I can shoot flying," he cried. "Oh, do give me another shot, Bruce."

"Not till the rest are served," replied Bruce. "Your turn next, Tom Deacon. Now I want you to remember this. I'm going to give every man two shots at this straight-away ball, putting the spring in the top notch, so as to make the flight easy. Any man that can't hit it must go back to the target. If you all hit, I'll follow with a cross-ball, flying slowly to right or left from top notch, and so on, varying the flights to represent all the different ways a man may come on a bird or have to shoot one; and when you can all hit slow-flying birds, we'll go from notch to notch till we get to the bottom one, which gives a close imitation of what pigeon-shots call a 'rocket.' Now, Deacon, your turn."

Tom Deacon was a dry-goods salesman from the city, who had just been promoted from stock-boy. He was young and modest, but very painstaking, and already was known as a good shot at squirrels, but had never yet shot flying. He had a cheap gun, and he was loading it, for he could not afford expensive weapons. Tom listened attentively to Bruce's instructions and took a careful aim as the ball rose. He waited longer than Charley, and fired just as the ball struck the barn.

He was rewarded by the crash of the glass.

Bruce laughed.

"You'll have to change your tactics at a bird, Tom," he said. "You're so used to sitting shots that you forget a bird won't stop against a barn as the ball does. We must move our trap back, so that you'll have to hit a moving object."

Accordingly the trap was moved back, so that the ball would fall at the foot of the barn, and our party moved back an equal distance. Once more the ball flew and Tom fired. He missed.

"Now, Ryder, your turn," said the captain.

Oscar Ryder was the son of a rich fur merchant, and sported a gun of the same expensive pattern that Long Coventry used. He was a short, stout young fellow, conceited in his way as Coventry, and like him he had been excused ahead of failure, which he evidently anticipated.

He missed both shots, and Bruce remarked, quietly:

"You know the conditions, Ock. You and Long must practice a while at the target till you learn a quick cover. Now, Fish, your turn."

Zeke Fish had a single-barrel gun of cheap make; but he all knew he was a good shot.

"Give me a rocketeer, Ock," he said. "I don't know if I kin hit him, but it's good practice."

He missed his first shot at the flying ball, which went with tremendous force, striking the barn from double the distance of the other trap, much higher up than the first ball had done.

"Give us another, Cap," demanded Zeke, quietly. He was a rough country lad, but he could shoot, as we all knew. Bang! went the gun, and the rocketeer flew to pieces in the air, where Sol Hawkins took his chance.

Sol was also a Littletonian, with a common gun, but not such a shot as Zeke Fish. He succeeded in striking the ball at his second shot, and I was equally fortunate with mine, when our party was through the first exercise.

"And now, boys," said the captain, "the next thing you want to learn is how to hit a bird going off quattering to the right or left away from you, or in other words obliquely. All we have to do is to set the trap to throw the ball where we want it to go. In the top notch it flies about as quick as a blackbird or meadow-lark. Charley Green, you're first. Ready! Go!"

Again and again the trap sprung, the ball rising in a graceful curve and plainly seen against the white background. Every shot succeeded in hitting it inside of three shots except Tom Deacon, whose bad habits of firing at sitting birds had spoiled the quickness of his aim. He was firmly dismissed to shoot at the target at the other end of the barn where Long Coventry and Ock Ryder were sukkily practicing by themselves. The advent of Deacon seemed to raise their spirits, for they had felt much humiliated before; but Tom went to work so simply and obediently that they soon followed suit and practiced the art of quick cover with a will.

Meantime the rest of us were practicing, first at direct oblique, then at left oblique birds, with no more mishaps, growing more certain in our aim with every trial. The last round, we broke two balls each, and Bruce announced that he would try us next with crossing birds.

We had now acquired so much confidence that we expected but little trouble. To our great surprise, Zeke Fish was the only man who broke a ball, and he no longer asked for rocketers, but took his shots from the top notch.

Bruce laughed.

"I won't send you back to the targets, boys," he said. "You cover all right, but that is not enough for a successful cross-shot. I'll show you how to do it. Zeke, you trap for me."

We all watched the captain with close attention as he loaded his gun.

(To be continued - commenced in No. 401.)

## John Morgan's Legacy.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

A LITTLE log-cabin nestling at the foot of a mighty redwood. Far above towered the grim heights of a snow-capped mountain. Below lay scattered the rude shanties and dingy tents of the mining-camp.

Close behind the cabin a man was kneeling. His head was bare, his eyes were widely distended and filled with horror. His dry lips open and close, but no sound issues from them. His hands are clenched until the red blood oozes from his finger-nails.

Slowly his head droops upon his broad breast. He drags himself erect by the aid of the rough-barked logs, and slowly moves away. His feet strike against the roots and projecting points of rock. He sways from side to side as though intoxicated. He climbs wearily up the steep mountain-side. He paces behind a clump of bushes. He falls upon his face and grovels in the dirt.

As Annie Morgan drew her little form erect from filling her bucket at the spring, a low, gasping cry parted her lips. Before her stood a man, thin and careworn, heavily bearded and roughly dressed. There was a puzzled look in his big blue eyes, but not for long. With an inarticulate cry he sprang across the little stream and wound his arms about the woman's form, drawing her head down to his breast. Their hearts beat fast and loud together. There were no words spoken. In that moment none such were needed. They were together, their arms were intertwined, their hearts answered throbs for throbs.

For one minute thus, then Annie Morgan drew back, with a choking sob, as she felt the hot, bearded lips press her brow.

"No—not now, Harry! I have no right. God help me! I am a married woman!"

He started as though some keen blade had

pierced his vitals. His eye caught the heavy gold ring that shone upon her finger, and that signet helped him to realize the full force of her words. Married—and not to him! He brushed clear and across his eyes and shook his head impatiently, like one seeking to banish an unpleasant memory.

"Yes, I am married," said Annie Morgan, in a low, monotonous tone. "We came here last year. My husband is at his claim. Will you come up to the house and rest?"

"Rest! and in his house—the house of your husband? I would rather lie down and die in the ditch."

He did not know," interrupted the low, dull voice. "He does not, even now. Blame me, if you will, but not him. And yet—if you knew all; if you only knew how long and how bitterly I suffered—you must know!" she cried, passionately. "In self-defense I must tell you my story. You must listen—oh, not here. I am afraid—I dare not trust myself."

Her throat swelled and choked her words. Their eyes met for one moment, then she turned and fled up the hill to the little log cabin. As she crossed the threshold, she paused for an instant, turning back once to follow the foot of the hill. With a calmness at which he caught himself wondering, Isaac Forman raised the bucket of water from the ground and bore it with him to the house.

As he entered, Annie Morgan was seated beside a low cradle, from which she had just lifted a crowing, chubby baby.

"Sit down," she said, motioning toward a chair. "I can tell you all, now. I could not trust myself out there, alone."

"There is no need," he said, slowly. "You are married. That is his child—his and yours. The past is dead. I will go away."

"Not until you have heard me. You shall not go away believing worse than the truth."

"I will listen, sir, you wish; but words cannot change what I have seen myself."

"They can clear up the dark past and help to explain why we meet thus—God help us both!" There was a brief silence. Then Mrs. Morgan resumed:

"Last night have I dreamed of that day—when you told me that you loved me, and asked me to be your wife."

"And I remember your reply," said Isaac Forman, in a low, bitter tone. "You swore that you loved me—and me alone."

"Then, before you spoke the truth! Never until then had I loved a man dearer than my own father. My whole soul was yours. I loved you then, I love you now. I have never loved another."

"Yes, and to a man who deserves far more than I can ever give him. I honor, respect, but I never loved him. I never had the heart to tell him the truth. He idolizes me. It would kill him if he knew that, at times, I shrink from his endearing words with positive loathing. He is like a guilty wretch, even when I believed my heart was buried with you in your grave; it will be worse now!"

"Tell me, why did you not wait?"

"Because the report came that you were dead. We saw the full particulars in a San Francisco paper. For long, weary months I had not heard from you. No more letters came. The account was so circumstantial. How could we doubt its truth?"

"I have written every month since I was able to leave the hospital. I believed you were waiting for me. I missed your letters, but I was roving about almost constantly, and thought that was the reason."

"The farther I get the little all, by the failure of the bank. The shock was too much. He took to his bed and never held up his head again. I worked for him, night and day, but times were so hard, and I was not strong. I could not pay the rent. The landlord threatened to turn me out into the streets. Then he came to our rescue, though I did not know it until long after—not until father was buried, and we were married. Every debt was paid, we had all we could wish; and nobody would tell us of the failure of the bank. Only for that I would have starved that winter. We became acquainted, but even then I did not suspect the truth. I saw that he was good and kind-hearted. I believed you were dead. He asked me to marry him. I was all alone in the world. What could I do?"

"You are not to blame," he said, gloomily. "It was fate. It would have been better, perhaps, had we never met again. As it is—good-by!"

"You can say that—so coldly!"

"Would it mend matters for me to make a fool of myself? You know my heart, and I know yours. You love me, and Heaven above knows that I have never loved any woman but you. That is why I must go. You are his wife; that is his child. There is danger in our meeting."

"You are right, Isaac," and Annie arose. "Go—but remember that, though I am another man's wife and the mother of his child, I ever have and ever will be faithful to your love."

One kiss, then they parted.

The shades of night were falling when John Morgan came back to his cabin. He was graver than usual when he kissed his wife and baby. He was not alone, as he said, and Annie dared say no more. Her own secret was pressing too heavily upon her heart.

It was late that night before John Morgan left the rude table at which he had been writing, but he arose from bed at the first glimpse of dawn. He went straight down to the mining camp and sought out Isaac Forman. His voice was very quiet as he spoke:

"My wife tells me you were her early friend, and that gives me courage to ask a favor of you. Something tells me you will need a true friend before long. I am feeling queerly. If anything should happen, open this paper. It will tell you what I wish."

Slipping the inclosure into Forman's hand, Morgan strode swiftly away, nor paused until he reached his claim, upon the slope of the mountain. He paused just within the entrance of the dark tunnel. Above his head hung a huge gray rock, supported only by one stout fir prop. He took a well-worn photograph from his bosom, and gazed upon it long and yearningly. Features of his wife, of his child, then he knelt down and prayed.

The terrible tidings spread like wildfire through the camp. John Morgan had been killed by the falling of a rock from the roof of his tunnel!

A crowd surrounded the spot, and tools were piled with frantic zeal. The huge mass was removed, and the mangled remains brought to light. In one hand was clenched a card photograph.

A fierce yell of mingled rage and horror arose from the crowd as one man held up the end of a prop.

It had been cut nearly in twain.

But one man among them all could have rightly explained this. All but he believed there had been foul play. Within his breast was a paper, the words of which burned in his brain like fire.

"When you read this I shall be dead. I heard all that passed between you and Annie, to-day. She is an angel. She loves you. As you deal with her, so may God deal with you!"

There was more, but this is enough. If pure, holy and devoted love can save a soul, then that of poor John Morgan is in heaven.

Mrs. Forman says that when she went to San Francisco, in '49, visits in the daytime were held as a marked attention. She was told that "time was worth \$50 a minute," and that she must hold as a great compliment the brief visits made to her during the day.

HERE is an extract from a letter written to her lover by a Montgomery (Ala.) girl: "For your sake, darling, I have quit using chewing-gum; would you have quit gum for me? I would not have quit gum for any other person in the whole world!"

## BEYOND.

BY DAVID B. METCALF.

Awake from thy sorrow,  
Why this anguish and pain?  
'Tis care that oft borrows  
To madden the brain;  
Heaven's soft rays are beaming  
To lighten the soul;  
In sorrow cease dreaming;  
Let peace now control.

Cease, cease thy lamenting,  
Oh, sorrowing heart!  
Let naught be preventing  
Sweet bliss to impart;  
There now is a gleaming  
Through the dark, somber night  
A light that is streaming  
From the great Infinite.

Oh, soul, cease thy mourning!  
For there lies above  
(Which angels are adorning)  
The Home that you love;  
Sweet harps are resounding  
Through heaven's high dome,  
And hearts are rebounding  
To welcome thee Home.

## "Schuyler's Toughs;"

OR,

## HOW WE HELD THE FORT.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

THEY came into Deadwood by the old Bismarck route—thirty-six of 'em in all, and their worst lookin' gang o' nor'western galoots that I ever sot my peepers on; all long, lanky, brawny cusses of the ruffian type, armed wif' butcher-knives and the inevitable "sixes," that in this pestiferous region go further toward settlin' common disputes than a furling o' superfluous tongue; an' chuck full o' free gab an' impudence, which they warn't at all afraid to sling out, right an' left.

Eph Schuyler, whose fame as a big, devil-may-care blood-sucker extends from nor' to son', war their leader, and they at once received the appellation of "Schuyler's Toughs," and ef they weren't the essence of concentrated toughness, why ye can set me down fer an unmitigated nuisance and detriment ter my native country.

We were workin' at the time on a mighty payin' claim on Deadwood creek, about eight mile south o' the town, an' the sand was panmin' out about ten dollars a day apiece, an' 'lar war twelve o' us, so ye see they war a claim in earnest.

We had already bin thar two weeks when we heard about "Skyler" an' his gang bin in Deadwood, an' had a big heap o' the shinin' stuff about camp; so, as ye kin conclude, we warn't none too particular 'bout receivin' a visit from Schuyler, durin his ugly ole pictur, fer we'd heered o' the raids as he'd made on sump claims up Spanish creek. So says I to the byes:

"Don't ye think I'd better take the critter up ter town an' slap it inter the bank till this win' blows over?"

"Nary!" grunted ole Cock-eye Tom, one o' our best panners. "Jes' let the stuff rest away. Ef Schuyler's Toughs comes ter nose about ar' our gold, thar'll be a ripe chance fer grave-diggers hyar 'bout. Clean up yer bull-purps, an' we'll be prepared fer the kussid fides."

As I hev remarked before, I war in Deadwood the day the Toughs arriv, an' seed w'at an or'ery set o' imp's they war."

But as most o' the byes war fer holdin' their own stuff, I acquiesced wif' their rest, an' arter that we sot to watchin' fer the expected raiders. Our camp war situated along the beds on their east side o' the creek, at a center whar four ravines or "approaches" opened inter their hills, the other ends o' all o' which could easily be reached from Deadwood. Thus et war that we could be surprised from all sides, which were uncommon bad, seen' I's thar war only a dozen o' us ter three dozen o' ther Toughs. I weren't too saugy wif' o' success shed we hev a set to wif' ther gang, fer I've been in many tight scrimmages, but all the balance o' our fellers war confident o' bein' able to slaughter a dozen apiece, so the outlook wer' a leetle more favorable. Slick ole bucks as Wolf Walt, Bumble-bee Ben and Saurin' Tom rarely ef ever planted a bullet in the wrong place, and the others weren't far behind; consequently there war an unhealthy smell about our camp fer Schuyler's crowd.

"They're a dang' o' passel o' white cutthroats!" said ole Abe Darby, coming in from Deadwood, one w'et, drizzling night. "Only last night they sailed down on ther Little Mammoth mine on Bobtail creek, and butchered about a dozen, wounded another dozen, an' finally scidded away with a thousan' wif' o' gold. O'ful, an' ef' Deadwood an' all up in arms, an' et ar' sayin' thar 'twon't be healthy fer Eph Schuyler and his gang ter show up thar, right off."

"I'll tell ye my gospel opinyun," remarked Bumble-bee, glancing up at the black sky from the smoke-hole in the roof o' our lodge. "This is a fine night fer the varmints tew steal a surprise on us, an' ef our norstrils ain't greeted wif' sensitive efewshuns o' powder afore O'Rory flaps her wings ag'in upon ther oriental horizon, ye can put me in a box an' bury me beneath the sod."

Somewhar or other, the rest o' us felt in the same belief, too, an' after a grand war-confab, over a new pouf o' Snow Flake, et was decided that a man be posted nigh the entrance ter each gorge to watch, while the remainder lay on their guns through the night. By this arrangement we could percent bein' surprised, at least.

The signal of danger war to be the cry uv a night-hawk, when we fellers in camp war ter get red dy an' giv' ther cusses a blizzard that'd make ther teeth chatter. Bumble-bee, Snyder, Scurry Dick an' Pat John war placed on duty all o' em full-class fighters—and then the rest o' us rolled ourselves up fer a snooze.

But twarn't much use. Our minds war ter full o' expectations o' lively bizness fer sleep ter take root, so we jest laid on our blankets an' waited an' listened ter the lowlin' yowlin' an' shriekin' o' the storm outside. A downright storm in the Black Hills ain't no second-class affair, sirs, bet yer pile on that. Et goes right in as ef 't meant bizness on the fust floor; the wind roars, the thunder rumbles like ten thousand mylun bass-drums, an' the lightning furnishes light ter read by an' fire fer ter lite yer pipe wif'—and the rain—oh! Criminy; et jes' cums down like seventy trillion pitchforks, an' no mistake.

When as I war sayin', we layed an' listened ter ther storm, an' waited fer ther show ter begin. Ole Wolf Walt war the onestiest o' any o' us, I ked see, fer he'd git up every now 'n' then, an' go look out inter ther black night, an' shake his grizzly he'd as ef he didn't like sumpthin' muchly. Ther hours dragged by, an' I guess 'twas nigh inter midnight, w'en all sudden-like, a corner o' our tent war lifted up, an' a feller wiggleed under inter our presence. Reckon we kivered his carcass in right dubble quick time, an' then right o' us asked him all ter onct ter 'plain his bizness.

He war a right young chap I shed say, an' a better figger I never seed than he hed—all straight, brawny and muscular-like; ye ked see a glance thar he warn't brought up in a nursery.

He was rigged out in a suit o' buck-skin as war colored as black as the ace o' spades; his sombrero war black, gloves on his hands war black, an' so war a crape mask that kivered his face. Altogether he mought hev been taken fer the Imp o' Darkness; but we jedged he warn't when he spoke, his speech preceded by an orful blood-curdling laugh that'd make ye shiver.

"Ye kin put up yer bull-purps, gentlemen, 'cause ye'll hev no need fer 'em. You've got work afore ye, an' almighty hot work, too, so git yerself in readiness. Reckon ye don't recognize me, eh?"

We answered that we didn't, whereupon he giv' another o' them infernal laughs that were

condocive o' makin' cold chills run down your spine, an' continued:

"Reckon not—hain't seen 'nuff ter be recognized, now-a-days. My handle is Deadwood Dick, gentlemen. Sumpimes I'm dubbed the Prince o' the Road; ye needn't start, though. My present bizness is ter help ye out o' a pesky difficulty, so ye needn't be afear'd—"

At this juncture Bumble-bee, Scurry Dick, Pat John an' Snyder came dashing into the tent in breathless haste.

"They're comin'!" grunted Bumble-bee staring wildly, as his gaze fell upon Deadwood Dick. Git ready!"

"Yes, grab yer arms and feller me," sed the young road-agent cuss, an' he led the way out inter the pouring night. Jest outside ther tent he motioned fer us ter halt, an' then turned and said:

"Now, gentlemen, ef ye'll but do me one favor, I'll grant ye that Eph Schuyler and his Toughs never leave this er place alive. Don't fire til I tell ye, an' then feller me, an' strike right an' left!"

On course we assented to this; we had heerd o' the outlaw's prowess in battle, an' I guess none o' us war afear'd ter put ourselves under his guidance."

Waal, thar we stood in the pourin' rain, Deadwood Dick war at our heads, bent for'ad in a listenin' attitude, his eagle eyes tryin' to pierce the gloom, his gloved hands each holdin' a gold-mounted "six."

At last thar kim a blidin' flash o' lightnin' that lit up the scene like day, and then we heerd loud yells and saw a dozen horsemen come dashing out of each o' the gulches, straight down toward our camp. "Thar, I tell ye, thar was a grippin' o' weepers an' a bestin' o' hearts in 'arnest, no mistake."

As he saw the Toughs a-comin', Deadwood Dick jest giv' one orful shrill yelp o' a coyote, and the next minnit it seemed as ef the bull mount'n war in a blaze o' fire, in an'er ter the young devil's scream.

From a hundred crags and pinnacles bright bonfires instantly burst out into great flames, wile myriads o' blazin' balls were hurled down inter ther valley, givin' it ther appearance o' a fiery pit. In astonishment and dismay at such an unexpected reception ther Toughs came to a momentary halt, lookin' weird and ghastly in the blood-red light of the showering fireballs; an' wile they paused in this confusion a score o' rifles rung out from every side up among the rocky crags, and all but about a dozen went tremblin' fer teddy firmy.

Then Deadwood Dick he says, says he:

"Hurrah! come on, my hearties; thar's still sump meat left fer us ter chew," an' then wifin at our head, we sailed in, knife, tooth an' revolver, an' ef we didn't make short-meter work o' them Toughs I'm a Centennial liar. We jest cleaned 'em out in dubble quick time; an' w'en we cum to count noses we found jest thirty-six defunct Toughs, an' every one o' us wifout a dabb'n' wound, which ye'll allow war purty fair work fer one rainy night."

When we looked around fer the young road-agent cuss, Deadwood Dick, he had sloped, an' our closest search failed ter discover either him or any o' his band. But, bad though they mought be, we, the illustrious pardos o' the Gold-n-Sunshine claim, eight miles below Deadwood, shall allus sing our praises o' Road-agent Dick, fer, had it not been fer his opportune aid, I judge we wouldn't hev been so well prepared and successful in holdin' the fort!"

NOTE.—The above is substantially true—AUTHOR.

## Beat Time's Notes.

It is all up when the undertaker is the over-taker.

EPITAPH: "Here lies one Moore who is no more."

SOME old ladies over their tea are very tedious.

A REAL estate man advertises his lots as "dirt cheap."

THE student's complaint: The way of the Professor is hard.

WE pity the misfortunes of our acquaintances and are glad of the chance.

A MAN may be gross, but if he starts a provision store he will be grocer.

If a male scribe is an amanuensis, would not a female scribe be a woman-uensis?

It is a lamentable fact that too much rye in a crowd is very apt to produce a riot.

No matter how hard the times are, the very laziest man is always sure of his loaf.

WHEN they say a man is broke up, they generally mean that he is broke down.

A MAN told a shoemaker that he wanted his boots semi-soled. This was a sole-ciam.

BLESSED is the cross-eyed man, for he can see two dollars where there is only one.

THE last rose of summer isn't anything to the first rise in winter—if the morning is cold.